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J. D. BERESFORD — By R. Ellis Roberts
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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 61

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY—
Forrest Reid. By S. M. Ellis 65

THE READER—
Paul Deschanel: Politician, Orator, Man of Letters. By Frank A. Hedgcock .. 67
Maurice Hewlett. By Anthony Clyne 68
J. D. Beresford. By R. Ellis Roberts 71
Prize Competitions 74
Letters in Criticism. By George Sampson 76

NEW BOOKS—
The Art of Zoffany. By Stephen Wheeler .. 78
English and Norwegian. By Keighley Snowden .. 78
Mrs. Warren's Daughter .. 79
The Prime Minister 80
A Thackeray Collection. By Walter Jerrold 80
Moments of Genius 81
A Civil Service Comedy .. 81
Hope Hodgson's Poems .. 81
Men, Manners and Morals. By W. H. Koebel .. 82
Kitchener of Khartoum. By Capt. Francis D. Grierson 82
Shakespeare and the Lilliputians. By A. St. John Adcock 84
The Press in War Time. By Ivor Nicholson 84
Studies in Pity 85
A Four in Hand. By Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott .. 86
The Holy Shekel. By A. E. Waite 86
Coleridge and Wordsworth. By Major S. Butterworth 87
Recent Verse. By Katharine Tynan 88
Mrs. Humphry Ward. By C. E. Lawrence 90

NOVEL NOTES—
Whitewash—Side Issues—Admiral Teach—The Dream Detective—Young Hearts.. 92

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
The New Germany—The Wheel: A Dramatic Trilogy—My Reminiscences of East Africa—The Black Sheep of the Balkans—A Lord Mayor's Diary .. 93–4

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
THE BOOKMAN
250 GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITION.

The increasing cost of book-production is, in these days, raising very serious difficulties for the author as well as for the publisher—especially for the author who is unknown. Articles and letters have recently appeared in the newspapers reiterating that it is becoming almost impossible for the beginner to get any chance at all, for, until the enterprise is less costly and speculative, most publishers prefer to limit their lists to the works of novelists of established reputation, and are unwilling to take the risk of publishing a first novel.

It has always been part of The Bookman's *programme to look out for new talent and encourage young authors of promise and, in the adverse circumstances that face them at present, we have decided to offer*

A Prize of 250 Guineas for the best First Novel.

For the purposes of this Competition a "first" novel is defined as one by a writer who has never before had a work of fiction (other than a volume of short stories) published in book form.

Full particulars of the Competition will be sent on application, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, to

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Mr. W. H. D. Rouse, of Cambridge, writes: "Miss K. Tynan in her notice of the late Mr. Bullen expresses a regret that he wrote no poetry. He did. One or two small volumes were privately printed for friends. Shortly before his death he was persuaded to make a collection of his verse, and this, I believe, is likely to be published."

"The Faith of a Quaker," by J. W. Graham, Principal of Dalton Hall in the University of Manchester, will be published shortly by the Cambridge Press. It is not merely an introduction to the position of Quakerism, but a statement of mystical religion in general.

Mr. Heath Robinson's "Fly Papers" (2s. net, Duckworth) are the most outrageously and joyously impossible things in the way of humorous drawings that even he has ever perpetrated. The experiments of pioneer flying men are irreverently burlesqued; and aeroplanes and Zeppelins are shown adapted to war and peace purposes with a wealth of grotesque detail that is amazingly and amusingly ingenious. No nightmares could be more extravagant, and if nightmares were always as absurdly laughable we should all be glad to have them.

XUM

"Moods and Lyrics" is the title of a book of verses by Lloyd Maunsell (whose work is well known to magazine readers) which Messrs. Duckworth are publishing.

Messrs. Constable have added to their cheap edition of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays "Pygmalion" (1s. 6d. net); "Overruled" and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" (1s. 6d. net); "Getting Married" and "Androcles and the Lion" (2s. net each).

Lord Grey of Falloden has written a short book on "Recreation," which Messrs. Constable are about to publish. The same firm has just published "Beauty and Bands," a new novel by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

"Denys the Dreamer," a new novel of Irish life by Katharine Tynan, will be published immediately by Messrs. Collins.

"Behind the Scenes at German Head-quarters," a book of sensational disclosures which Messrs. Hurst & Blackett announce, is written by M. Henri Domelier, who acted as secretary to the Municipal Commission which served as intermediary between the townsfolk of Charleville and the German Authorities, his position giving him exceptional advantages to study the behaviour of the Kaiser and his immediate entourage.

"The Limits of Unbelief," by the Rev. Eric Robertson, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Nisbet. Mr. Robertson offers a presentation of the case for the doubter that should appeal to the many who, though they are repelled by what they imagine to be orthodox religion, cannot live without a creed.

Browning's "The Ring and the Book" has been added by Messrs. Nelson to their "Edinburgh Library of Non-Fiction Books" (2s. 6d. net).

Photo by Will Cadby.

Mr. Arnold Lunn,

Author of "The Harrovians" and "Loose Ends."
Mr. Lunn's latest book, "Cross Country Ski-ing," has just been published by Messrs. Methuen.
From a photograph taken at Mürren.

Major Hesketh Pritchard, who was responsible for the sniping system that was adopted in France, has given his experiences, and described the tricks and camouflages practised to outwit the enemy, in "Sniping in France," which Messrs. Hutchinson are about to publish.

If Mr. Teignmouth Shore does not achieve the impossible and add something to our knowledge of Shakespeare in "Shakespeare's Self" (5s. net, Philip Allan), he furnishes a concise account of all that is discoverable of the life of the great dramatist, a record of contemporary references to the man and his work, and an interesting and sometimes provocative criticism of the plays, with a plausible theory of his own as to the person to whom some of the sonnets were addressed.

Messrs. John Long have just published "Sonnica," a new novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez, the distinguished Spanish novelist, whose "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is now in its three hundredth thousand.

Racing is not more popular among us than football, and it is curious that no novelist has until now set himself to do for the football world what Nat Gould and others have done with such enormous success for the turf and the hunting field. Not too soon, Mr. Sydney Horler, a new writer and a young one, has risen to supply the want. His stories of league matches, of goal-keeping and half-back heroes and pavilion heroines are rapidly winning a popularity with magazine readers that augurs well for their success between covers, when his first book, which is now under way, makes its appearance.

In "Old Crosses and Lychgates," which Messrs. Batsford are publishing, Mr. Aymer Vallance has for the first time classified, according to their design, the various types of such crosses and gates that have been erected in England. The book will

contain numerous illustrations from photographs and drawings.

"The Remnant," by Professor Rufus M. Jones, is the eighth volume in the admirable "Christian Revolution" series which the Swarthmore Press is publishing. The books represent an honest attempt on the part of a group of the younger men to face the facts of the situation to-day and arrive at a restatement of the meaning of life and religion, their faith being that "only the religious solution is adequate to the world's need, and that only upon the principles for which Jesus of Nazareth stands in history can that world be fashioned to heart's

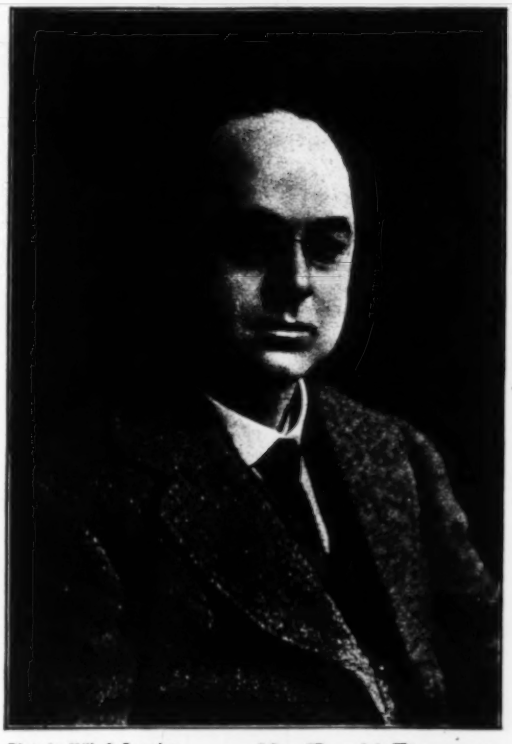


Photo by Hills & Saunders, Oxford. **Mr. Harold Thomson.**

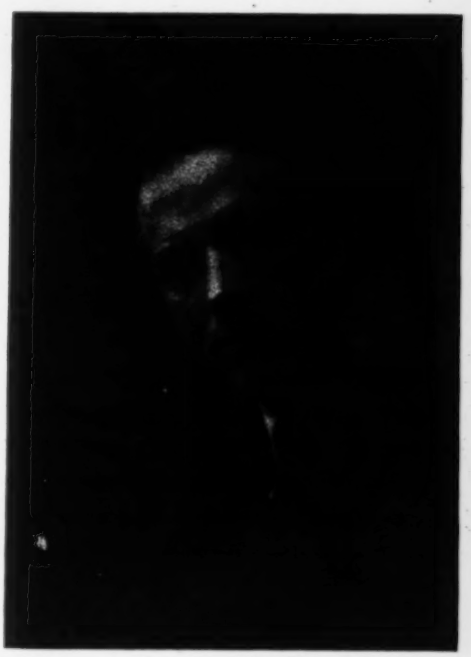
desire." Volumes on "Man and his Buildings," "Justice and Love," "Christ and Cæsar" and "God in Nature" are in preparation.

Mr. W. Harold Thomson, whose new novel, "The Bishop's Masquerade," Messrs. Leonard Parsons are publishing this month, comes from Callander, in West Perthshire, and has crowded a good deal of miscellaneous experience into the thirty-three years of his life. He once went to sea as a cadet on H.M.S. *Worcester*, and, when about twenty, visited Australia and New Zealand, and other places on the other side of the world. But he had started writing stories when he was seven, and before he attained his majority had

Photo by Mora, Southsea. **Mr. George Young,**

whose brilliant book, "The New Germany" (Constable), is reviewed in this Number.

published two full-length books which he is trying to forget and hopes nobody else remembers. Eleven years ago he came to London and set about trying to make a living with his pen, and something of his journalistic doings of those days went to the making of what he counts as his first novel, "The Right Divine," which was published by Chapman & Hall in 1916. Meanwhile, he was contributing short stories, sketches and articles to a large number of well-known monthlies, weeklies and dailies here and in America; and for five years he was Fiction



Mr. Shaw Desmond,

whose new novel, "Passion," Messrs. Duckworth have just published.

Editor of the Amalgamated Press. Nowadays, divided between a love of London and a love of the open air and country life, he is settled down in a pleasant Buckinghamshire hamlet from which he makes frequent excursions up to town. His new novel relates the romantic adventures of a handsome prelate, the Right Reverend Hugh Moseley Raeburn, D.D., Bishop of Stanbury, who was for a time forced by circumstances to live like an ordinary working man in a lonely, wild island of the Outer Hebrides and proved to have nothing more than the ordinary virtues and failings of the average human being. So far, though he has done all the other things an industrious author ought to do, Mr. Thomson has not arrived on the film or the stage, but he has designs on the latter that seem to be on the threshold of realisation.

The publishers of *Out and Away* are Messrs. G. Heath Robinson and J. Birch. Through a misunderstanding the magazine was, in our April Supplement, said to be published by The Sphinx Publishing Co.

Mr. William Johnston,

Author of "The House of Whispers" and "Limpy" (Jarrolds), on holiday in Southern California.

Mr. W. Hope Hodgson,

whose posthumous book of verse, "The Calling of the Sea" (Selwyn & Blount), is reviewed in this Number. "The Boats of the *Glen Carrig*," "The House on the Borderland," and the other Hope Hodgson novels and books of short stories are being issued by Messrs. Holden & Hardingham in a cheap, uniform edition of eight volumes.

Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing shortly a study of Baudelaire, by Arthur Symons; and the late Professor F. W. Moorman's "Tales of the Ridings," the latter with a memoir and portrait of the author.

A new Number of "The Chapbook" (1s. 6d. net, Poetry Bookshop) contains "Three Critical Essays on Modern English Poetry," by T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley and F. S. Flint. Neither modern poets nor modern critics are spared, and there is truth in what is written about both. Mr. Eliot and Mr. Huxley, poets themselves, blame reviewers for giving the poets too much praise; Mr. Huxley insisting that "the chief need of poetry at the present time is a dose of astringent criticism of the kind once administered by the Scotch reviewers." Most poets have always thought that about the poetry written by their contemporaries, but Mr. Huxley, in asking for the lash, seems to make no reservations. Mr. Flint, in his essay, gives an independent exhibition of how the lash should be used, with Mr. J. C. Squire for his victim; and the young poet may get useful hints from some of his maxims. "All writing which conforms to the sentiments of a group," he says, "is vicious in principle. It is bad art. It is not art at all. A group can have no artistic personality; and an idea expressing a common sentiment is an algebraical symbol." That needed saying in these days, when our young poets show such a marked tendency to form themselves into groups and schools,

undeterred by any chastening recollection of the fact that, as Spencer says,

"Sheep flock together; eagles fly alone."

A volume of verse by Dolf Wyllarde, "The Magdalene, and Other Poems," will be published this month by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

The new novels that Messrs. Ward, Lock are publishing this spring include "Stayward's Vindication," by Harold Bindloss; "The Herepath Property," by J. S. Fletcher; and "Jack o' Judgment," by Edgar Wallace.

The Cambridge Press announces for immediate publication Mr. Arthur Tilley's "Cambridge Readings in French Literature," which will be on a plan similar to that of Mr. George Sampson's "Readings in English Literature."

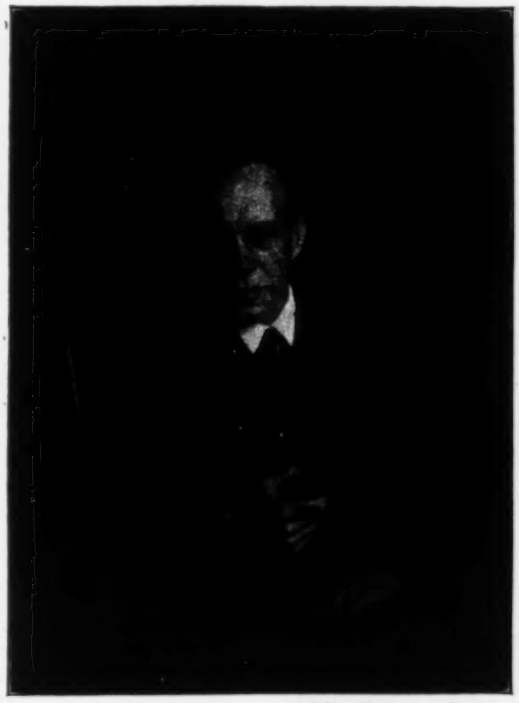
The photographs on our cover of Mr. Maurice Hewlett and Mr. J. D. Beresford are by Mr. E. O. Hoppé.

The index to Volume LVII. of THE BOOKMAN will be given with our next Number.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

FORREST REID.

MR. GEORGE MOORE in his last book poured contempt upon the actual names of popular novelists in Great Britain (where, however, he lives in preference to Moore Hall in the politically insalubrious county of Mayo). Scott and Trollope suggest to him dull, commonplace respectability, and the sound of Thackeray and Dickens merely convey the clatter of the pantry. But, as a critic of cognomen, Mr. Moore would no doubt admit that his brilliant compatriot, Forrest Reid, possesses the appropriate name to suggest exactly the kind of books he writes. I know for a fact several people who think Forrest Reid an assumed name—an alliterative and picturesque pun, so to speak, conveying an image of the reeds by a forest pool. It is a justifiable supposition, for Mr. Reid's romances have ever a sylvan background of forest and mountain; a pool or stream is an essential adjunct to some important incident in all his stories; through every one of them murmurs "the wind among the reeds." In short, Pan is Forrest Reid's presiding deity. But his names are his own—from birth and baptism.



Mr. Forrest Reid.

He is a member of a well-known family in the north of Ireland, the son of Robert Reid, a merchant of Belfast. Two of his uncles were Dr. Seaton Reid, Materia Medica Professor at Queen's University, Belfast, and Sir Edward Reid, a former Mayor of Derry. An avuncular relative of an earlier generation was Dr. James Seaton Reid, Professor of Ecclesiastical and Civil History at Glasgow University and Presbyterian minister of Carrickfergus. The name of Forrest came through the marriage of a Reid with a member of that family.

Mr. Forrest Reid's mother was a Parr of Shropshire: but he was born in Belfast, and educated there at the Royal Academical Institution—a school which is described in two of his books, "Following Darkness" and "The Pirates of the Spring." His experiences as an apprentice in the tea trade of Belfast are reflected in "At the Door of the Gate." Mr. Reid completed his education at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree. Since then he has lived almost entirely in County Down and Belfast. His has not been an adventurous or romantic career apparently, though these are the qualities which permeate his books. If an inspiring cause for his literary work be sought, it might be found in the beautiful scenery and the wild sea coast of his native province. Particularly has he been influenced by the Mourne Mountains, the very spirit of which he has grasped and interpreted.

I have said Pan is Mr. Reid's god. But his Pan is not the altogether malignant Pan of Mr. Arthur Machen, for instance. He is a more gracious and youthful deity, Pan as a boy, but nevertheless equally fatal to those

mortals who meet him face to face. If Mr. Reid needs a goddess, it is the Moon, and she often plays a baleful part in the lives of his creations. Youth is the *motif* of his romances. The protagonist of his story is generally a slim brown boy, with dark eyes and coarse black hair, suggestive of a faun. Sometimes his characters reach the wan land of the occult and the supernatural, the realms of fantasy; and all those who cross the dividing line from normal life find tragedy and death beyond.

It will be seen that Mr Reid's art is mystic and peculiar. He has the Celtic realisation of the unseen world as near at hand, and the Greek belief in inevitable fate. Consequently his stories can never be popular successes in the usual sense, for they do not end happily to the sound of wedding bells as per the usual formula. But, contradictory as it may seem, they are concerned alike with the grim realities, the beauty and sadness of life, and that lone dreamland of mystery and terror beyond the veil.

His earliest work, "The Kingdom of Twilight," was published as No. 9 of Fisher Unwin's First Novel Library in 1904. It dealt incidentally with moon-influence. It was read and much appreciated by Henry James, who wrote a kindly letter to the young author. This led to the dedication of Mr. Reid's next book, "The Garden God" (1905), to Henry James. But the author now considers both these books hopelessly jejune and immature, and he does not include them in the list of his published works. The adjectives mentioned are not those I should apply to the books in question: to "The Garden God," at any rate, rather should I venture to suggest "precious," or what used to be termed "fin de siècle."

"The Bracknels" (1911) is the work which Mr. Reid regards as the foundation stone of his literary career. It is a remarkable study of an abnormal boy, a moon-worshipper, who is obsessed and haunted by the malignant influences of an old house, his home, reputed in earlier times to have been the scene of a murder. Just as in the case of the boy in Henry James's finest supernatural story, "The Turn of the Screw," Denis Bracknel is killed by the forces of evil that have reached him from another plane. Individual opinion may object to the manner in which the final tragedy occurs; but the whole story is bathed in that sense of terror and impending doom which Sheridan Le Fanu could so portentously convey, and compels admiration.

"Following Darkness" (1912) was an even greater achievement, for it was the first of those minute dissections of a boy's psychology which have since become so frequent and successful. It pre-dated by a year Mr. Compton Mackenzie's "Sinister Street," which is generally taken to be the pioneer of this class of book. There were also, of course, earlier "revelations" of public-school life than Mr. Alec Waugh's "The Loom of Youth." "Jaspar Tristram," by A. W. Clarke, and "The Puppet's Dallying," by Louis Marlow, both dealing with Radley, respectively appeared as far back as 1899 and 1905. "Following Darkness" was to a certain extent autobiographic, for the author drew the mentality of Peter Waring from himself, changing or altering all externals of course, except the dominating background of the Mourne Mountains, the seascape of County Down, and some incidents in Belfast.

In "The Gentle Lover" (1913) Mr. Reid struck an entirely new note, and this book is the exception to the general rule of his stories. It is not overshadowed by tragic fate, the whole aim being to produce an atmosphere from which all harshness, cruelty and ugliness should be excluded. "At the Door of the Gate" (1915) is a kind of compromise in style. It is rich in humour, but ends in a mist of tragedy. The terrible struggle and murder on the grey sea cliffs of Antrim is an unforgettable picture of stark realism. But in "the vision" which comes to the murderer, wherein he finds God, I confess I do not follow the author; it is the one instance where his intention and meaning, actual or symbolical, eludes me.

In 1915, also, Mr. Reid published his critical and very able study of his fellow countryman, W. B. Yeats, with whom of course he has much in common, both in mental outlook and mystical literary expression. Three years later he collected his short stories and some other pieces in a volume entitled "A Garden by the Sea." In this, "The Accomplice" and "An Ulster Farm" are grim little masterpieces; "Kenneth" is extremely funny; "A Boy and His Dog" full of pathos; whilst "An Ending" is a remarkable presentation of the Spirit of Bruges by means of a character, morbidly sensitive, within whose mind the ancient and picturesquely crumbling city is mirrored as in one of its own canals.

Mr. Reid reached the most typical expression of his art in "The Spring Song" (1916). It is impossible to give an idea of this uncommon book in a few words. It is not a novel: it is a picture of the Spirit of Youth as personified by a party of jolly boys and girls on holiday in, perchance, the Ballinderry district of County Antrim. But one of the boys is a dreamer; he hears the Pipes of Pan—the Spring Song. He also comes under the influence of a man, a homicidal maniac, who suggests terrible things to his acutely sensitive mind. Then ensue supernatural experiences, in one of which the boy is saved by his faithful dog; but in the end Death again claims its toll from one who, in pursuit of Pan, had parted the curtain of the unknown. It is a fantastic tale and, as the author has said, it belongs to the land where memories end and dreams begin.

In his latest book, "The Pirates of the Spring," Mr. Reid has reintroduced two of the characters from "The Spring Song"; but it is in much lighter vein. There is no tragedy and nothing occult. It is a very subtle and sympathetic study of boyhood as represented by several contrasted types, and displays an extraordinary insight into the psychology of youthful friendships, affections, jealousies, and that spirit which generates adventures. The author's aim is to bring out the deeper and spiritual qualities that often lay hidden beneath a commonplace and unemotional exterior. Thus by means of their experiences his four principal characters progress and change—each in his own way, though the movement may be hidden, comes to life in a finer spiritual sense. It is a clever piece of analysis, but one ventures to hope that in his next book Mr. Forrest Reid will return to that plane of supernatural romance which is peculiarly his own, for he has dared to gaze through "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas."

S. M. ELLIS.

XUM

THE READER.

PAUL DESCHANEL: POLITICIAN, ORATOR, MAN OF LETTERS.

By Frank A. Hedgcock.

PUBLIC opinion had for some time been so insistently prepared by the French press for the apparently inevitable election to the Presidency of M. Clemenceau, that when M. Deschanel stepped on to the vacant pedestal it was difficult not to appraise him in terms of difference from the expected figure. And certainly the contrast is sufficiently striking. Instead of the short, sturdy form of the Father of Victory, built for walking the trenches, dressed in heavy boots and cloth cap, behold a slim and elegant gentleman in impeccable frock coat and silk hat, ready for a morning stroll down the Champs Elysées or the Avenue du Bois. The lapidatory, Dantonesque phrase of the Breaker of Governments has changed to the well-turned period of the skilled debater, leaving no rankling wound behind. If the one man seemed made for war and struggle, the other appears no less well prepared for peace and reconciliation. And if so, then France has chosen well.

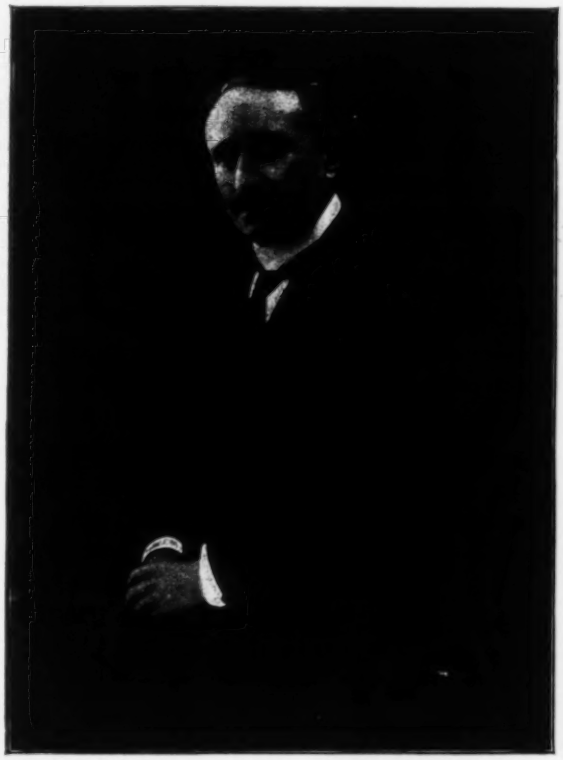


Photo by Henri Manuel.

M. Paul Deschanel,
President of France.

But M. Deschanel does not deserve to be measured solely in negative terms. As a politician, orator and writer he has positive qualities of his own. France will again have as President a member of her famous Academy. Heredity, indeed, marked M. Deschanel for a literary career, and a great poet heralded his birth. His father, Emile Deschanel, an excellent writer and distinguished professor, exiled to Brussels by Napoleon III., married one of his pupils there; and some months later his friend, Victor Hugo, writing to him from Jersey, concluded his letter of congratulation with the cry, "Quick, quick, that promised little Deschanel!" The young Paul duly appeared and was the joy and consolation of his exiled father.

"A child's glance," Emile wrote in one of his books, "cures all our troubles. All the sadness of our heart is scattered by his look, like snow melting in the sunlight."

For his only son he not only dreamed but prepared a future which should achieve those highest prizes which fate had denied himself. And if one wishes to know with what gratitude M. Deschanel repays that affection, one must read the opening sentence of his "Discours de réception" at the Academy in 1899, in which he lays at his father's feet the palms he then received.

By that date his reputation was already made. After an excellent schooling, completed by travel in Germany, Italy, Spain, England and the United States, he had served his apprenticeship to politics as secretary to Jules Simon, had contributed to all the well-known French reviews, had been elected deputy in 1885, and had become one of the leaders of the moderate Republicans. At the Palais Bourbon his intellectual qualities and his polished yet living oratory made him an outstanding figure, while his human characteristics won him a large number of friends and brought him successively the vice-presidency and presidency of the Chamber. The ingredients of his character can be well seen in his collected speeches and essays. A sincere love of his country is a dominant note, a desire to see all parties united in making her truly free and great. After showing, in an essay on "L'Esprit de la Revolution,"* how the Girondins and Montagnards, by refusing to sacrifice any tittle of their party principles, had played into the hands of the tyrant Robespierre, and so prepared the way for a greater tyrant still, he cries:

"May the misfortunes of France at length teach her to govern herself and to keep her political liberty, which the Revolution, creator of civil and of industrial liberty, had been powerless to assure her!"

And in another place he writes:

"Let us not wait for some crisis before we sign an Edict of Nantes between parties!"

Coupled with this patriotism is a true republican's hatred of autocracy, whether of one man, one party or one assembly. In face of the egotistical, unscrupulous Bonaparte, he places the noble, generous Hoche, inspired by "the sentiment of right, the love of justice, and an ardent generosity of soul." But, though a

* "Paroles françaises," 1911.

broad-minded republican, he is no socialist; like Gambetta, he does not trust "in the Utopias of those who believe that a panacea or a formula can make the world happy." Gradual changes in the law, founded on a fuller sense of brotherhood, will more surely attain the goal, and he points, as often, to England as an example:

"Thanks to her well-tried institutions and to her political genius, England carries out one by one and without excitement those reforms that have become necessary; whatever conquests public opinion has won, she consecrates them by her laws which, accordingly, remain in close relation with the spirit of her life; in a word, she proceeds by transition and advances by regular stages."*

Did space permit, it would be easy to prove his political perspicacity. His striking essay on "Frederick II. and Bismarck" (1886) deserves to be re-read at the present moment. The young politician there clearly analyses all the factors of the European situation and announces the coming struggle between Germans, Austrians and Turks against Latins and Slavs:

"The contest is inevitable," he cries, "and when it comes France will find the chance—the last perhaps!—of once more regaining that full independence which she has not now, which she never can have as long as a part of her frontier lies open. . . . It remains for France to play between Russia and England that skilful rôle which Frederick II., menaced by Austria, knew how to play between England and France . . . for in this great problem which France must resolve or perish: to unite Latins and Slavs against Germans—England will be the factor on which the solution will depend; she will hold the key of the problem."†

M. Deschanel's latest and most important work is his study of Gambetta, published last year in France, and recently translated into English.‡ It is fitting that, at the apogee of his career, he should pay this tribute to one in whom he has always found a source of inspiration. Returning as a lad of fourteen to a betrayed and martyred fatherland, it was the heroic organiser of the "Défense à outrance" who arrested his regard and excited his admiration. Later, it was beneath Gambetta's banner that he made his first attempt to enter the political field. It is, then, with loving care, aided by a most competent knowledge, that he follows the great tribune's too brief career, and shows him leaving the little grocer's shop at Cahors to come and conquer Paris; as the young republican lawyer, daring, in the *affaire Delescluze*, to arraign the government of Napoleon III. for its crimes against liberty; as the Minister of the Interior and of War leaving encircled Paris to improvise and energise the national resistance in the provinces; then, after 1870, as the skilful politician, patiently evolving a republican constitution from an Assembly which really desired to restore the monarchy; later, in the epic struggle with MacMahon, telling the President, "Il faudra ou se soumettre ou se démettre," confirming the republican victory and setting a resuscitated France firmly on her feet—no wonder Bismarck feared him! And then, his ministry; and, so soon after, the early death that robbed France of one of her most devoted sons:

"To such men as he," declares M. Deschanel, "we must pay that supreme homage which Tacitus recommended in the case of great citizens—the homage, not of praise, but of faithful imitation."

It is interesting to note how M. Deschanel insists on those qualities of Gambetta's which are in harmony with his own character: the desire for unity, the wish to secure the co-operation of all Frenchmen in the task of reconstruction, the anxiety that France should not waste her strength in internal struggles but take a broad view of her position in Europe and the world, the hope of a cordial understanding with England. Such is his homage to his master.

The author's style, too, is, as always, a revelation of character: the calm, objective manner in which either national or party quarrels are explained; the high impartiality with which friends and foes are judged; the scrupulous moderation which sacrifices nothing to effect and refuses to paint in high colours from fear of exaggeration. The book is an expression of calm thought, of judgment well weighed on evidence carefully studied and digested. As one leaves it, one feels that France has made a wise choice: M. Deschanel will be, at home, a president of reconciliation and reconstruction, and abroad, a sagacious chief willing to work faithfully with all nations of good will.

* Essay on Gladstone: "Orateurs et Hommes d'État," 1888.
† "Orateurs et Hommes d'État."
‡ "Gambetta." 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

MAURICE HEWLETT: AN APPRECIATION.

By Anthony Clyne.

IT is perhaps significant that Mr. Hewlett lives in a house of picturesque charm in a hollow of the hills of Wiltshire; significant because on one side lies the quaint village street and on the other a garden of deep delight. His dwelling is symbolic of his books, which have the gay fragrance of flowery gardens and yet are concerned with the common life of men and women. The scenery around this ideal home for an author of such a temperament is some of the most peacefully beautiful to be discovered in England. The folds of the hills rise around, and in the valley nestles the village. Great pleasure does Mr. Hewlett derive from his garden, small, perhaps, but perfectly planned. All the year he superintends it with great care, setting it out with that combination of mingled formal order with natural irregularity which is the supreme charm of a properly-tended garden. And it repays his thought, for it is one of the finest joys in life to visit that quiet, dreamy Wiltshire garden in the happy promise of spring or the gorgeous fragrance of summer time.

Mr. Hewlett's father was of like temperament to his son—a poet, fond of beautiful things, and a student of mediæval life. It was doubtless with thought of his father that he gave the name of Prosper le Gai to the hero of the romance which brought him fame, "The Forest Lovers." For his father was Henry Gay Hewlett,

XUM

a descendant on his mother's side from a Huguenot family of Gays long resident in Norfolk. His father was a very keen student of literature, especially of the literature of the Middle Ages, a delicate and discriminating critic, apt in tasting the flavour of a book, and, in truth, a poet, with a poet's sensibility. Here we can discern very clearly the influence of heredity and environment. For what atmosphere more congenial to his genius can be imagined than that in which young Maurice, the eldest son, grew up? What father could the future author of "Richard Yea and Nay" and "The Queen's Quair" have more fitting than this lover of old time and widely-read bookman?

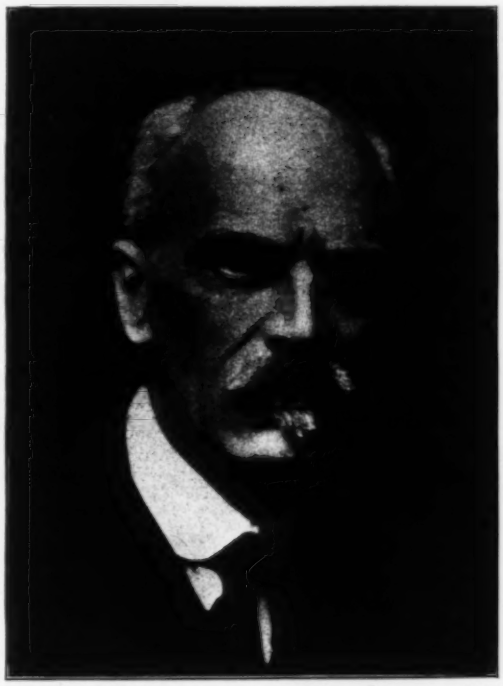


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett.

As a boy, Mr. Hewlett browsed among many volumes, drinking deep draughts of the mighty drollery, the sane humour, the true nobility of immortal Cervantes. For it was "The Adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha," he tells us in reminiscence, which he loved to read, in an English translation, of course. It was entirely fitting, for the spirit of that great, deep, humorous, true book of wandering adventures, in which the luckless Spanish soldier set out to ridicule the outworn and absurd conventions of chivalry, but ended by writing a romance of charm enshrining the character of a real and noble gentleman—the spirit of that book runs through a great deal of Mr. Hewlett's work. It is the spirit of true chivalry setting forth in quest of adventure, the spirit to which the world appears a wonderful place still, its roads that wander over hill and dale inviting one to follow them in search of new experience, its romance peeping out in strange quarters, its events still opportunities for spacious thoughts, high resolves and fine actions.

Other authors, he remembers, delighted him in those early years—not the authors that fascinate the usual boy, but the romantic adventures of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," the heroic stories of the Old Testament. That the son of one who loved and understood the Middle Ages, in years before it was a popular study and a fashion to praise those times, should have had opened before him that priceless book, in which all that was vital and exalted in mediævalism finds expression in glorious prose, is to be expected. Here again the spirit of the book entered into his nature, for "The Forest Lovers" is written by a modern Malory. Love is treated by Hewlett as by Malory with an indescribable serious sweetness, a kind of debonair gravity, refreshing indeed after the sentimentality or too insistent passion of other writers. And the chivalry in Mr. Hewlett's books is a purified version of that of the "Morte," with the same graceful virtue showing itself in high-spirited manhood.

Later, when a youth, he discovered the charm of the erudite, melancholy "Urn Burial," the solemn eloquence of "Religio Medici." Sir Thomas Browne's quaint pedantry, mingled with ingenious and novel speculation, usually appeals to one, when the mind is mature. But Maurice, without the unpleasant solemnity of precocious youth, had a mind of such a temper as soon ripens, and his development has proceeded along natural lines, with no disturbing revolution. At this time, too, came Shakespeare and Dante, whom he read continually, but the lyrical poets, strangely enough, did not attract him. Later, when the magic realms of English poetry enticed, it was Shelley and Keats—not that he admired the most—but that he chose for special affection. Mr. Hewlett has been an excellent French scholar from an early age. His genius is akin to much of what is typical of French literature, and by the *littérateurs* of that country his works have been appreciated as much as those of any living English writer. His type of romance is precisely that which the French can enjoy.

Mr. Hewlett was educated privately and acquired a very sound knowledge of the classics. It was intended that he should become a lawyer, and he was, indeed, called to the Bar, becoming, some five years afterwards, Keeper of the Land Revenue Records and Enrolments, an office which he held until 1900. He married in 1888, and his wife is herself famous in another sphere than Mr. Hewlett. She was associated very largely with the development of aviation in this country before the war, being the first Englishwoman to become a qualified pilot by obtaining the Royal Aero Club's certificate in 1911. Their son, it will be remembered, achieved renown during the war by his exploits as an airman.

A serious illness befell Mr. Hewlett early in his legal career, and in order to regain his health he spent some time in Italy. This gave the initial impulse to his literary powers, for the picturesque life, the lovely scenery, the treasures of art and architecture, the romantic history of that land brought happy inspiration. If provided just the atmosphere in which his gifts moved most freely. After his return he published, in 1895, "Earthwork out of Tuscany"—not, as one must admit, a book for the general reader, but decidedly one for the reader who cares for the expression of the romantic elements of Italian life in a subtly wrought and delicate style. It was above all a book of promise, promise abundantly fulfilled. It appeals, as indeed does "The Masque of Dead Florentines," which appeared in the same year, "Songs and Meditations," a volume of poetry issued in 1897, and "Pan and the Young Shepherd"

XUM

in 1898, not so much to the public, as to a special class whose tastes are of more than usual sensitiveness to that kind of delicate, dreamy romance in faultless words which they display. Such critics knew him as a writer of such quality that his career was to be watched with interest, but had these been all his works, he would not have reached a large audience.

Then in 1898 came that bewitching book, "The Forest Lovers," which brought him at once to a position amongst the first of living writers. "My story," he wrote in the introductory words, "will take you into times and spaces alike rude and uncivil. Blood will be spilled, virgins suffer distresses; the horn will sound through woodland glades; dogs, wolves, deer, and men, Beauty and the Beasts will tumble each other, seeking life or death with their proper tools. There should be mad work, not devoid of entertainment." No words could convey the spirit of the book better than his own. It is an innovation in English literature, while yet deriving much of its inspiration from that vein of true poetic sentiment and romance which runs through all our literature. That is its prime achievement: that, while altogether English and in line with our past romances, it introduces a fragrance of sentiment, a delicacy and exquisiteness, a delicious atmosphere akin to the airy romances of mediæval France. There is the happy, sweet innocence of youth, as though it were the springtime of the world; there is splendour of heroism and desperate deeds. Woven of vivid incidents, with sensuous yet spiritual charm, it is a book sure of a place for ever in our literature.

"The Forest Lovers" appealed to a much wider public than his previous books, and for too many readers his name is associated with this book only, whereas it was but the first of several of at least equal power. Gaining considerable popularity on its appearance and acknowledged by the *Academy*, then a journal whose criticism was of great weight, as one of the three greatest literary works of the year, the others being Joseph Conrad's "Tales of Unrest" and Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare," some of the critics did not then recognise its excellence. Mr. Hewlett's early works did not gain the commendation they deserved from contemporary critics, owing partly to the delicacy of their spirit, but still more to the eclecticism of their style. Until we come to "The Forest Lovers," indeed, there is reason to suspect that the precious distinction of style was achieved at some cost to vigour and warmth. The artistic care, the conscientious polish is too apparent; and one finds oneself wishing that he might relax, even at the expense of grace, in some momentary incoherence of passion or harshness of strength. But though the note of passion is not lacking in his books, it is of a sublimated sort, and not always does it succeed in reaching us through the garment of beautiful words in which he clothes it.

The atmosphere of Mr. Hewlett's books is not, strictly speaking, the atmosphere of real life. In the case of a great novelist we do not demand that it should be. He is allowed to create his own world. What we ask is whether that world is homogeneous and coherent, whether the characters have an essential humanity and, in relation to the novelist's world, a reality. With Mr. Hewlett this is so. And his world, a world of imagination, and on ultimate analysis the same world whether the scene be England or Italy, the period be now or long ago, is a very satisfactory world to dwell in for a space.

Mr. Hewlett is not an author of one subject. His is a real versatility, so different from the spurious versatility which it has become almost fashionable for modern writers to affect, which is a versatility, at the best, of intellectual ingenuity rather than intellectual scope. From "The Forest Lovers" to "The Light Heart," just published, there is a wide range of books, all pleasing both to the public and the critics. He returned, in 1899, to Italy for his scene with "Little Novels of Italy," a collection of five stories, which have all those qualities of delicate romance we have spoken of and an unforced, gentle humour, an unexaggerated pathos, at times a fascinating mystery, and all the time a real humanity. One of the stories, "The Madonna of the Peach Tree," is surely one of the finest short stories of the century, a perfect gem of literary art. All through them is a very sure mastery not only of historical details, but of the atmosphere of the times, an historical sense subservient to the imagination.

Which of Mr. Hewlett's books is the greatest is hard to determine, and depends, more than such a choice does in the case of most writers, on the reader's individual interests. For the majority "The Forest Lovers" continues to hold that position. Among literary critics "Richard Yea and Nay" is sure of a large body of admirers. Then there is "The Stooping Lady," "Halfway House," "Open Country" and "The Spanish Jade." But greater than these last, according to the probable verdict of time, is "The Queen's Quair." It is an attempt not only to relate the story of Mary Queen of Scots, but to analyse her character, so strangely mingled, and trace her psychological life. As an historical novel it is one of the truest that have ever been written. As a revelation of the deeply passionate, darkly suffering heart of a woman, it gets as near to a comprehension of peculiarly feminine character as probably a masculine intellect can ever do. It is not a scientific dissection of the corpse, as it were, of the Queen, as she appears in history, but a penetrative vision of her palpitating, loving, sorrowing soul, living again for us in his pages.

Mr. Hewlett's early poetry, as we have said, appealed to a public within the public. There is no swift onrush of music, no fire of passion, no weight of thought. But there is a delicately wrought version of the romance of Italy, the Renaissance and Pagan mythology, of which the outstanding qualities are artistic restraint, sensitive appreciation of the splendour and fascination of these things. In "A Masque of Dead Florentines" a procession of the great Florentines passes before the reader—Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch and the others—impressive in its polished majesty of style, but lacking that indefinable spell over the imagination which is the property of transcendental poetry. So it is with "Songs and Meditations" and with "Artemision: Idylls and Songs," which though published in 1909 contains poems written more than ten years before. In "The Agonists" (1911) and "Helen Redeemed" (1913) another note is audible. As well as increased mastery of form, the substance of the poems shows a more vital passion, a deeper thought. One suspects

occasionally in reading the earlier poems that the passionate episodes have been deftly inserted to add attraction. In the later ones there is spontaneity and inevitableness. Different in many respects as the two poets are, there is a similarity between Maurice Hewlett and Robert Browning. Not only was Italy, the Renaissance, and the classical mythology the inspiration of much of the work of both of them, but the supreme problem of the living poet's philosophy is the conflict and reconciliation of Love, Knowledge and Power.

Mr. Hewlett's latest volume of verse, "Flowers in the Grass,"* which Constables have just published, is a collection of ballads of the men and women, the lovers and the warriors, the ancient towns and grassy meadows of his beloved Wiltshire. He sings the stern mating of the invading Kelt with the dark-haired Iberian long ago and the courtship and dalliance of to-day, and the folded downs and brown hills that will outlast the one as they have outlasted the other. The poet links the love and labour of to-day with that of long ago. The men that now are dust wrought their husbandry, though their spades were shaven flints, under the same privilege of sun and shower as the Wiltshire men to-day:

> "Harvest came and harvest moon
> As they visit me and you:
> Wife and child, and rest at noon—
> Nothing better yet in view."

* 5s. net. (Constable.)

He has also published this year "The Light Heart,"† an addition to the five northern sagas, which he has pieced together from ancient MSS. and retold in his vivid, graceful manner, reconstructing, as it were, these poems of the old Northmen for the reader of to-day. It is an "heroic, naked story" of a poet who dared everything for love, not romantic in the usual sense, but with the glamour of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago."

Mr. Hewlett's versatility is equal only to his modesty. He will not be lionised, not be gossiped about. He evades with great success those personal paragraphs that sprinkle our Press. It is the reticence, the seclusion of an artist, who avoids all distraction from the pursuit of a life of high thought and noble expression in literature. He is not a familiar figure in the life of literary London. Few know his finely chiselled face, his quiet eyes deep set in the shadow of his broad brows, his crisp moustache and imperial that give an air of foreign blood to him, his unconcealed, reticent, mobile lips.

Though he is nearing sixty, he is not a spent force. Various as have been the essays of his genius, from "The Forest Lovers" to "Open Country," that prose poem of natural beauty and the life of out-of-doors, there yet remain great possibilities. In that cloistered loveliness of his Wiltshire garden his imagination may fashion yet another book of delicate romance.

† 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

J. D. BERESFORD.

By R. Ellis Roberts

I.

IN his essay on H. G. Wells Mr. Beresford insists that Mr. Wells is "a great writer"; and gives as the chief reason that "He has not been content to record his observations of the world as he has seen it, to elaborate this or that analysis of human motive, or to relate the history of a few selected lives. He has done all this, but he has done infinitely more by pointing out the possible road of our endeavour. Through all his work moves the urgency of one who would create something more than a mere work of art to amuse the multitude or afford satisfaction to the critic." These last fifteen words give the key to the tendencies of Mr. Beresford's admirable talent. He is almost alone, in a world of writers overoccupied with technique and æsthetic appeal, in his passionate desire to produce something other than "a mere work of art." Unlike Mr. Wells, he shows nowhere any real capacity to be anything but an artist, and the tragedy is that he should think any work can be loftier than artistic work. To feel less, and yet to be meant for an artist only, as I feel sure Mr. Beresford is, is a pitiable condition, for it is bound to result in a species of discontent which will adversely affect the work which is accomplished. I have no desire here to go over the old problem of whether art can be diverted from morality, whether art is self-sufficient: it must be enough to say that the practice of all the greatest artists shows that the moral purpose of a work of art is always implicit, that art cannot serve morality, because art *is* morality—there is no morality without truth, and except in truth there is no beauty. To speak of a "mere work of art" is to show a blankness to the position of art in the world surprising in one who has such good claims, as has Mr. Beresford, to be regarded as one of the most considerable of our younger novelists.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **J. D. Beresford.**

II.

When Mr. Beresford began writing, the English novel was in a more lively state than it had been since the early nineties. And the renascence was a more æsthetic one than that of the Yellow Book period. Even now there are not many English novelists whose works have the sense of form which we expect from a French novel; but in the hands of such writers as Charles Marriott, E. M. Forster, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, and Mrs. Wharton, the novel was beginning to deserve æsthetic criticism. To the æsthetic group I still believe Mr. Beresford naturally belongs. Could I have controlled his reading, I'd have allowed him nothing but French fiction, a few Russians, George Moore, Peacock and Marriott. Unfortunately Mr. Beresford was reading by himself, and he read H. G. Wells. The influence of Wells is noticeable in certain early fantasies of Mr. Beresford's—in his first book, "The Hampdenshire Wonder," and even more in "Goslings," published in 1913. "Goslings" could not have been written without Wells, any more than could Stephen Reynolds's "The Holy Mountain." Indeed, with a little alteration, a twitched eyebrow, a turn to the lip, and a slightly less respectful turn of the head, Gosling and his family would be a caricature of one of Wells's early romances. It has, however, far more faults than its master's books. Mr. Beresford is not suited to the logical, stern, scientific method of Wells. He knows too well that the truths of the laboratory are the falsehoods of the market-place; and his picture of a world of women is unredeemed by any attractive or personal psychology. The book might be written about marmosets or mandrils. In strange contrast with it is the work by which Mr. Beresford won his assured position. I am not a devotee of the sequence novel. Even "Jean Christophe" has long moments of weariness; and Nexo's infinitely superior "Delse the Conqueror" becomes too much of a treatise and too little of a novel. This fault no one can charge against "Jacob Stahl" and its successors. It is minutely, unrelentingly, cruelly personal. There are times when the indeterminate, terribly real struggle between Jacob and Betsy makes one want to scream. In no book that I have read is the positive character of indecision so faithfully rendered. Jacob is a real triumph of portraiture, and if Betsy is not quite so successful, it is because Mr. Beresford never really understands her early belief, her passionate and pathetic attachment to Aunt Mary's creed. He fails here, just as he fails in his picture of Cecil Barlon—who would have been more credible had he been even more unpleasant—because he has a temperamental incapacity to understand supernatural motives. Religion is prejudice with a difference; and by ignoring that difference, Mr. Beresford makes it impossible for himself to analyse certain of his own characters. In some ways, it is true, his portrait of Barlon is clever. He catches admirably that even, impersonal enthusiasm of the priest who, like the doctor, regards all his friends as cases, and has no time for relationships which are merely emotional. The three books—"Jacob Stahl," "A Candidate for Truth" and "The Invisible Event"—are full of minor characters carefully presented. There are failures. I never feel that Lady Dangerton's behaviour is like life, and there is a distinct touch of "false Wells" in the social complexities which she introduces into the story. Jacob, after all, is no Kipps, and there was no reason why he should be embarrassed at luncheon "by different kinds of wine and a separate glass for each," except that Mr. Wells has made insistence on minor details of etiquette rather a fashion. Eric Stahl, Jacob's brother, is, on the other hand, one of Mr. Beresford's greatest successes; he is a tribute to that essential honesty of outlook, that determination to give people their due, whether he like them or not, which is so characteristic of Mr. Beresford. And he can succeed with Eric and Doris because he does, after all, really understand their attitude to life, indeed at times may be a little envious of it, while of Barlon's prevailing motive he is impatient and sceptical.

III.

In addition to the Stahl trilogy Mr. Beresford has to his credit seven novels and a book of "Impressions," beside the study of Mr. Wells and the essay, with Kenneth Richmond, called "W. E. Ford." Of the novels the most ambitious is "God's Counterpoint," the most effective perhaps "The House in Demetrius Road," the most likeable and human "Housemates." "The House in Demetrius Road" is an essay on drunkenness, mainly in its private, social aspect. It is not so good a book as it should be. The interest is largely the factitious interest which any disagreeable subject will give a competent novel; and I feel that continually Mr. Beresford uses the demon alcohol much as he might be used in a pantomime, to provide the novelist with easy situations for hard questions. Neither "The Mountains of the Moon" nor "These Lynnekers" are particularly striking. Mr. Beresford does not handle family complications with the skill which alone makes them tolerable in fiction. By far the best chapters in "These Lynnekers" are those dealing with Smith the moneylender; indeed, in that part of the book, as in certain chapters of "Housemates," Mr. Beresford betrays a capacity for good melodrama, for vehement action which I wish he would indulge more frequently. It was George Moore who years ago urged Henry James to put more action into his stories, to have a murder, or an elopement, or an assault, and Mr. James responded by producing those astonishingly active novels of his middle period. I feel the advice is needed by many younger novelists. After all, if you are to have no action why not write essays? A novel without action is far less desirable than a play without any—a judgment which may seem perverse until you consider that any drama acquires a certain degree of objectivity merely by being produced. There is plenty of action in the light tale, "The Jervaise Comedy": this farce of social relations is a little out of Mr. Beresford's usual run. It is the sort of comedy which would have appealed to a Restoration dramatist; and Mr. Beresford treats it with an insistence on its social aspects which is rather depressing. Here again I feel the influence of Mr. Wells has been distinctly inimical. In "Nineteen Impressions" we get, perhaps, the most essential Beresford. There are traces, still, of literary influence: for instance, that powerful sketch, "The Criminal," is like a story by Anatole France written by John

XUM

Galsworthy; but in this book of collected short stories Mr. Beresford has allowed himself a freedom that elsewhere appears only spasmodically. His fantasy is generally rigid: he takes a fantastic idea, and works it out with strict logic; it is fantasy of the brain, not of the imagination. Here, once or twice, he chooses his fantasies' ways; they are instinct with that touch of oddness, that sense of difference which is the real mark of imaginative literature. And it is by this book that his style can best be judged. Mr. Beresford is an author whose style always improves when his subject or his method suit him or each other. No one who has read it can forget that piquant little allegory, "Lost in the Fog." The man has just finished his story of the battle between the Teutons and the Royces:

"For a few minutes we lapsed into silence. Outside the fog seemed to have lifted a little. Through the window I could see the silhouette of a gaunt, bare tree, rough and stark against the milky whiteness that hid the aweful distances of Benden. My imagination tried to pierce the shroud of vapour, and picture the horror of hate and murder beyond. Was the mist out there flowing with the horrid richness of blood? Was it possible that one might walk thro' the veil of cloud and stumble suddenly over Something that lay dark and soft across the roadway, in a broad pool astoundingly red in this lost, white world? . . . And then the vision leapt and vanished. I heard the sound of a whistle and the remote drumming and throbbing of a distant train. I jumped to my feet. 'It's barely an hour late, after all,' I said. My companion took no notice. He was gazing with a fixed, cold stare into the dead heart of the fire. 'I suppose I can't help in any way?' I stammered awkwardly. 'You're lucky to be out of it. You keep out of it,' he said. 'You've got your train to catch. . . .' And now I wonder if that man's story can possibly have been true? Is it conceivable that out there in the little unknown village—for ever lost to men in a world of white mist—men are fighting and *killing* each other? Surely it cannot be true?"

All the sketches in this book are written with economy and a sense of immediate effect which Mr. Beresford rather misses in some of his larger works. It is, however, conspicuous in "Housemates." In this novel Mr. Beresford succeeds in describing and conveying a sense of communal atmosphere which is a peculiar help to his people. He had tried the same story, to a smaller extent, in "The House in Demetrius Road"; but in "Housemates" we really get the effect of persons being moulded by their contact with each other in one particular place. The house of the drunkard might have been in any road, and the story would not have suffered; but in "Housemates" the house in Keppel Street has a character which it would lose if the story were transferred, say, to Lloyd Square or Granville Street. And after the murder of Rose Whiting the house acquires a definite note which should make it live with the more famous houses in fiction.

IV.

It is impossible to ignore the influence of Freud's theories on Mr. Beresford. A great deal of nonsense has been written about psycho-analysis. In essentials the theories of Freud do not differ from those familiar to students of casuistry, or rather of a theology of penitence. The Christian doctrine of sin contains in germs all that is valuable in the modern idea of suppressed desire; and Catholic confessors have long been

Cover Design
from "An Imperfect Mother," by J. D. Berestord (Collins).

practising the science which is now, well or badly, being preached by psycho-analysts. The dangers of this theory to an artist are obvious. He will be tempted to deal with cases rather than with individuals; he will allow his interest in the case to overcome what is his business, the presentation of character. It is not the business of Sophocles to illustrate an Œdipus-complex, any more than it is the business of a dramatist to prove the law of heredity; his work may confirm the one and may illustrate the other—but the more he is consciously concerned with the theories, the worse his work will be. In "God's Counterpoint" and even more in "An Imperfect Mother," Mr. Beresford falls into this danger. Both books, especially the earlier one, are full of careful characterisation, of genuine insight, and of determined vision; but the whole thing is too neat. In his preface to "Impressions" Mr. Beresford says that "an explanation is the most depressing thing in the world"—yet each of these novels has an air of explaining a secret. He tells us too much about his characters; we feel as if we had never met Philip Maning, but only a patient friend of his who would talk about him. That is the chief fault in a talent which is exceptional for its honesty and directness. By now it may have become second nature to Mr. Beresford; but I am not sure. I cannot help feeling that, if he will forget Freud and Mr. Wells, and not be ashamed of "amusing the multitude," as Shakespeare did, or even "affording satisfaction to the critic," as Flaubert or Turgenev did, he may yet produce "a mere work of art" which will outlive any efforts to improve and instruct an obstinate race which will always prefer the truths of the imaginative world to those of the schoolroom or the lecture hall.

XUM

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best anecdote in not more than a hundred words illustrating the intelligence of a dog or a cat.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to G. Laurence Groom, of 52, Lodge Drive, Palmer's Green, N.13, for the following:

HERITAGE.

There is a laughter sadder far than the soft rain of silver tears,
The lilt of long-forgotten songs that drifts adown the vanished years
Is sweeter than the melody we fashion from a day's delight,
And the soft hush of kiss on kiss remembered through a summer's night.

There is a silence full of dreams and laden with the scent of flowers,
When, for a moment, we may know a rapture that was never ours,
Clasp hands our living hands hold not and, where no mortal feet may tread,
Walk, by the immemorial sea, the dream-dust cities of the dead.

There is a longing never stilled, though joy bend low on rosy wing,
Our arms are never wholly filled, no matter what the years may bring.
For old loves waken, old griefs weep that in our bodies once drew breath,
And all the ages keep with us the eternal carnival of death.

We also select for printing:

A HILL.

Heaving its bosom to the skies,
Where an eternal quiet lies,

Like a god sleeping, calm and still
Age-worn and wind-swept stands this hill.

There is no splendour, but it knows:
The worship of the evening's close,

And dreaming of the Summer's noon,
The silver fruitage of the moon,

And holy rapture of the dawn
Reaping the joy of night withdrawn.

How sweet and clean and fresh it is
With wind and rain of centuries,

Keeping with star and cloud and tree
Beauty's unfathomed mystery.

(William A. G. Kemp, 23, Manor Cottages, Northwood, Middlesex.)

THE GRAVE OF ARTEMIS.

I wandered, when the year waxed full and old,
Among the woods, where, withered brown and gold,
The leaves lay ankle-deep; and in a space
Filled with sweet scents, a little faery place,
I found a grave grown green and black with age,
Half hid with riot of withered foliage.
And bending low, I brushed it clean and fair,
And saw these words some hand had written there:

"Behold, with tears and sighs I am brought low,
Who once was Artemis, filled full of woe
And with desire to die, now that my name
Is lost to men, even as a windy flame
That is blown out by the strong breath of grief.
Time was, between the sowing and the sheaf,
When the woods rang with echoes of the chase
And men grew mad with love to see my face
Flash by them, and the glory of my hair
Blown athwart cheek and heaving breast, torn bare
By briars and sharp-toothed thorns. And now I lie
In this forgotten pit, my fame laid by
With what was once my body, out of mind
And memory of the world I leave behind."

And even as the last word met my gaze
A white mist rose and hid within its haze
Stone, leaf and tree, and when the wind blew wan
The brown bare space of soil, the grave was gone.
But one unseen pressed on my lips a kiss.
And who shall say it was not Artemis?

(John Dronsfield, 23, Sedgley Avenue, Prestwich, Lancashire.)

TO ROSALYS.

You woke me with a kiss. Upon a day
When sun and song came flooding through the hills
And valleys, and the cowslip-wreathen way
Was soft beneath the foot: the daffodils
Nodding their golden heads with dews agleam
Beneath the pine-trees shimmered in a flood;
I lingered with you by the singing stream,
Youth in my heart and summer in my blood.

Though now the woodland's all a-hush with snow,
No blue bell floats, the linnet's tale is told,
And Spring changed into Winter long ago,
And you are gone away, and I am old,
I thank the god of sunlit ways for this—
Upon a day you woke me with a kiss.

(C. F. Miles-Cadman, C.F., Ecurie, near Arras, France.)

We also specially commend the lyrics by A. Le Poidevin (Guernsey), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), Joyce Frideswide Powell (Liverpool), H. Banks (Leamington Spa), M. K. Boothby (Newby), Rachael Bates (Great Crosby), J. Cuthbert Scott (Cheltenham), A. M. Greer (British Troops in France), Lorna Keeling Collard (Wincanton), Faith Hearn (Florence), Margaret Fletcher (Crayford), Nancy Pollock (Glasgow), J. I. Ormsby (Gunnersbury), V. Lightwood Smith (Forest Hill), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), Evelina San Garde (Accrington), Peter Paul (Belfast), W. J. M. (Cowdenbeath), Hilda C. Brighouse (Eccles), Una Malleson (London, W.), L. Yarde Bunyard (Allington), William C. Pocock (Bristol), Rachel Swete Macnamara (New Milton), A. D. Moorhouse (Birmingham), Malcolm Hemphrey (Farnborough), L. M. Priest (Norwich), Doris Fowles (Hucclecote), Kathleen Ida Noble (London, E.), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), Phyllis Eric Noble (London, E.), A. I. Perman (Merthyr Tydfil), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), Edith Nixon (Upper Tooting), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Alan Bland (Gloucester), E. R. Noble (London, E.), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport, I.O.W.), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Kathleen Agutter (Kensington), Cecil Thomas (Quetta, India), Evelyn Davey (Lowestoft), Ivan Adair (Dublin), E. A. S. (Dalston), Dorothy Hurst (Wolverhampton), Margaret Gladys Allen (Keighley), Marjorie Redding (Edinburgh).

**"A Stable, where a Mother mild
Knelt on the straw before a little child
Within a manger cradled."**

A drawing by T. Noyes Lewis from "The Monarch of the Fenland," a volume of thoughtful, religious verse, by Francis Arthur Judd (Faith Press).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. Monk, of Pendrea, Truro, Cornwall, for the following:

THE MAN WITH THE RUBBER SOLES.
BY SIR ALEXANDER BANNERMAN. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"The rest is Silence."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v. 2.

We also select for printing:

A WOMAN NAMED SMITH.
BY M. C. OEMLER. (Heinemann.)
"How many may you be?"
WORDSWORTH, *We are Seven.*
(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

THE COMPASSIONATE ROGUE.
BY GEORGE GOODCHILD. (Jarrolds.)
"I kissed thee, ere I killed thee."
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, Act V., Sc. 2.
(M. E. Brown, 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield.)

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MIDDLE CLASSES.
BY R. DIMSDALE STOCKER. (Cecil Palmer.)
(1) "On the whole we are not intelligent."
W. S. GILBERT, *Princess Ida.*
(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

(2) "Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*."
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, I. 7.
(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.10.)

AERIAL TRANSPORT. BY G. HOLT THOMAS. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"The cow jumped over the moon."
Nursery Rhyme.
(A. Eleanor Pinnington, The Blind Institution, S. David's Hill, Exeter.)

RANK AND RICHES. BY ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"The first were nothing, had I still the last."
BYRON, *Epistle to Augusta.*
(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best six maxims for a young author about to write his first book is awarded to Miss C. Fell Smith, of Five Corners, Felstead, Essex, for the following:

1. Don't write it unless it is pressing hard to be expressed, and must be written.

2. Think out the construction—whether novel, essays, or other form—thoroughly and logically before you write a word. Look up all your details.

3. Make up your mind to go through it when written, to strike out half the adjectives and more than half the capital letters; and to

4. Boil down and condense what is left. Throw two sentences into one, punctuate, and scan the grammar.

XUM

5. Cut out entirely any passage you fancy fine (remember your judgment is still unformed).

6. Be ready, if it is rejected by every publisher, to put it aside for six months and write another as soon as it is shaped in your mind.

From the large number of maxims received we select for special commendation those sent by the following twelve competitors: "Diogenes" (Highgate), E. Messenger (London, S.E.), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham Hill), Gwladys Phillips (Porthcawl), Mrs. M. Luckham (Poole), H. A. C. Legge (Alresford), Adrian Heard (Parkstone), Vincent Hamson (Luton), Elsa Gellert (Bradford), Norman Webb (Cardiff), Grace G. Webb (Southam), W. H. Hindle (Barrow-in-Furness).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to B. Noël Saxelby, of 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following:

MAUREEN. By PATRICK MACGILL. (Jenkins.)

Out of this long, leisurely study of peasant life in a remote corner of Donegal, with its—to us—unfamiliar speech and way of living, there gradually rises what one feels to be a dispassionately true picture of the two Irelands—the primitive, credulous old Ireland of April moods, and the new Ireland, bitter and fermenting. The author's attitude, however, is that of the poet, not the politician, and it is on the portrait of Maureen herself that he dwells most lovingly. There is a sombre note throughout the book, which fittingly leads up to the final tragedy.

We also select for printing:

COLLECTED PLAYS AND POEMS. By CALE YOUNG RICE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

To too many minds America is associated with all that is practical and "hustling," with modern slang terms and extravagances of phrase. The poems of Cale Young Rice will do much to dissipate that idea, and to bring to the fore the great ideals which can always be embodied so exquisitely in poetry, and which are at the back of the minds of all fine Americans. Great poetry first proves itself in great and beautiful song. Mr. Rice is a great poet therefore, because his first and last expressions are perfections of lyrical beauty.

(A. E. Gowers, 12, Broad Street, Haverhill, Suffolk.)

THE PROPHETIC MARRIAGE. By WARWICK DEEPING. (Cassell.)

Warwick Deeping's books possess the peculiarly attractive quality of the "open-air." His sane, healthy view of life permeates every page of this—probably his best novel—and comes as a tonic after much that is morbid in present-day fiction. Here, with a set purpose, he traces in his easy fashion and with keen humour, the ups and downs of a marriage which, we feel, is destined to end as it began, in happiness, for, in common with those who live close to Nature—absorbing her beauty and learning her secrets, he is an idealist, with a firm belief in man—in ultimate good.

(Lucy G. Chamberlain, Plas Brith, Llandudno.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent by: J. Scott Braemar (Cheltenham), Beryl M. May (Farnham), George Leys (Sydenham), M. M. H. B. (Tessin), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Mabel Austen (London, S.E.), Ruth Bevan (Bude), Eve Casey (London, W.C.), Peter Watson (London, S.W.), J. V. Hart (London, S.W.), Vivien Ford (Bristol), A. Grace Croll (Sheffield), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), George Swaine (Halifax), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey, I.O.M.), Margaret Wakefield (Bury St. Edmunds), Rowena Blinco (New York),

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestion is awarded to Miss G. M. Northcott, of 14, Belsize Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3.

LETTERS IN CRITICISM.*

By GEORGE SAMPSON.

IT may seem perverse to say of a writer whose tales are collected in thirty-three volumes that he was a critic rather than a novelist; but that, or something like it, is the conclusion to which one reader of Henry James has come. James was spectator rather than participator. He looked on at life with unabated curiosity, and found people and feelings as fascinating as he found old furniture, old houses and old countries. He came from another continent, and he was ever a tourist, an interested but passionless pilgrim, travelling, observing, recording; but sharing, it seemed, very little in the life he saw. He was a bachelor of art—the art, like the artist himself, being childless and celibate. Life to Henry James was a larger edition of Balzac, and he enjoyed them both in the same kind of way.

To prove from the stories that their author was fundamentally a critic is not for the moment our business; but at least we can insist that these two big volumes of "Letters," together not far short of a thousand pages, reveal a critic in almost every utterance. These are "Letters in Criticism," and the criticism is excellent of its kind. Henry James was specially responsive to beauty of form. His derided and often infuriating prose—at its best a medium of unique delicacy and distinction—was the product of an artist's ambition to get into words not merely the outlines, but the faintest shadowy pencillings of mind and character. He did not conspicuously shun the *inauditum atque insolens verbum*, but he did not conspicuously seek it. His sense of idiosyncrasy in words—of words, that is, as things with a touchy temperament of their own—was extraordinarily keen, and so (strange as this may seem to the maddened reader) was his feeling for the shape of a sentence. He was voluble, but never verbose, the master, never the slave (as Browning often is) of his own exuberance. He took the current speech as he found it, and was neither archaist nor neologist. Among the twining curves of his sentences a simple common word will sometimes gleam with the exotic tinct of something long-sought and far-fetched.

On the subject of form he was, as we have indicated, a fanatic, and his example is of special value to an age that, perhaps of necessity, has found a virtue in floppiness. Thus he writes to Hugh Walpole:

"When you ask me if I don't feel Dostoieffsky's 'mad jumble, that flings things down in a heap,' nearer truth and beauty than the picking and composing that you instance in Stevenson, I reply with emphasis that I feel nothing of the sort, and that the older I grow and the more I *go* the more sacred to me do picking and composing

* "The Letters of Henry James." Selected and Edited by Percy Lubbock. 2 vols. 36s. net. (Macmillan.)

become—though I naturally don't limit myself to Stevenson's *kind* of the same. Don't let any one persuade you—there are plenty of ignorant and fatuous duffers to try to do it—that strenuous selection and comparison are not the very essence of art, and that Form is not substance to that degree that there is absolutely no substance without it. Form alone *takes*, and holds and preserves, substance—saves it from the welter of helpless verbiage that we swim in as in a sea of tasteless tepid pudding, and that makes one ashamed of an art capable of such degradations."

There is simply nothing to be said against this. A consideration of the literature that has survived the pressure of time triumphantly proves that form—sometimes even mere form—means duration and lack of it oblivion. H. G. Wells crossed swords with Henry James on this question and came off distinctly second best in score and deportment.

Such a man would naturally be fascinated by the grace and gaiety of Stevenson. He chides that tropic wanderer for what seemed a wilful refusal to abandon his ocean flights:

"I hugged the soft illusion," he writes, "that by the time anything else would reach you, you would already have started for England. This fondest of hopes of all of us has been shattered in a manner to which history furnishes a parallel only in the behaviour of its most famous coquettes and courtesans. You are indeed the male Cleopatra or buccaneering Pompadour of the Deep—the wandering Wanton of the Pacific. You swim into our ken with every provocation and prospect—and we have only time to open our arms to receive you when your immortal back is turned to us in the act of still more provoking flight."

Henry James.

From "Roderick Hudson." Collected Edition of the Novels and Tales of Henry James. Vol. I. (Macmillan.)

He assures Stevenson that since he left there hadn't been a decent sentence turned in English. He tried to be interested in Walter Pater, whose laborious attempts to write English with the respect due to a learned language, were, in theory, estimable. But he was baffled by finding no man beneath the sentences:

"How curiously negative and faintly grey he, after all telling, remains! I think he has had—will have had—the most exquisite literary fortune; i.e. to have taken it out all, wholly, exclusively, with the pen (the style, the genius), and absolutely not at all with the person. He is the mask without the face, and there isn't in his total superficies a tiny point of vantage for the newspaper to flap his wings on. . . . Well, faint, pale, embarrassed, exquisite Pater! He reminds me, in the disturbed midnight of our actual literature, of one of those lucent matchboxes which you place, on going to bed, near the candle, to show you, in the darkness, where you can strike a light; he shines in the uneasy gloom—vaguely, and has a phosphorescence, not a flame."

A passage about Kipling is worth quoting, not merely for its view of "the great little Rudyard," as he calls him, but for its confession of personal literary interest. The letter, it may be observed, is dated in 1897, when many aspects of the later Kipling were unrevealed:

"His 'Ballad' future may still be big. But my view of his prose future has much shrunken in the light of one's increasingly observing how little of life he can make use of. Almost nothing civilised save steam and patriotism—and the latter only in verse, where I *hate* it so, especially mixed up with God and goodness, that that half spoils my enjoyment of his great talent. Almost nothing of the complicated soul or of the female form or of any question of the *shades*—which latter constitute, to my sense, the real formative literary discipline. . . . He has come steadily from the less simple in subject to the more simple—from the Anglo-Indians to the natives, from the natives to the Tommies, from the Tommies to the quadrupeds, from the quadrupeds to the fish, and from the fish to the engines and screws. . . ."

Let us conclude with a passage which, written over thirty years ago, represents the cause for which Henry James always stood and to which he testified in personal act during the war. At first he was critical of the English Philistine, and complained to Stevenson at Vailima of a club in which there were too many members "of the type of Sir Theodore Martin. Happy islanders, with no Sir Theodore Martin." But he came to recognise, especially after his travels through much of Europe, that England was the hope of the world, and that its blood-brother across the Atlantic was one with it:

"I am deadly weary of the whole international state of mind [he means the *laboriously* international state of mind]—so that I *ache*, at times, with fatigue at the way it is constantly forced upon me as a sort of virtue or obligation. I can't look at the English-American world, or feel about them, any more, save as a big Anglo-Saxon total, destined to such an amount of melting together that an insistence on their differences becomes more and more idle and pedantic; and that melting together will come the faster the more one takes it for granted and treats the life of the two countries as continuous or more or less convertible, or at any rate as simply different chapters of the same general subject."

In July, 1915, Henry James became a British citizen. He died at the end of the same year and was deprived of seeing the entry of America into the war.

With "A Small Boy and Others" and the "Notes of a Son and Brother" these volumes of "Letters" form a body of literature almost unique in its revelation of a fascinating personal and family life.

XUM

New Books.

THE ART OF ZOFFANY.*

Whether Horace Walpole still keeps a diary we do not know. If he does, and should he be cognisant of what is happening on our globe, he has surely recorded the appearance of this extremely interesting life of a painter whose work he often praised, and sometimes scoffed at, when they were both alive. He declared that Zoffany's stage group of Garrick and Mrs. Cibber in "The Farmer's Return" was better than Hogarth. The scene from the adaptation of Ben Jonson's "Alchemist," with Garrick as Abel Drugger, he pronounced most excellent, as indeed it is. No one looking at the plate need disbelieve the story that Garrick's stare of stupidity in the character lost him the affection of a young lady who had fallen in love with the actor when he was Charmont in Otway's tragedy. But Zoffany's talent, Walpole wrote on another occasion, was to draw scenes in comedy, where he beat the Flemings. When he was serious, according to the same critic, he made wretched pictures. The group now in Windsor Castle of George III. and Queen Charlotte with their children only excited Walpole's ridicule. The portrait group, however, of Royal Academicians in the life school, the artist among them, struck him as first rate, and this judgment is fully endorsed by Dr. Williamson. Nor was the diarist more sparing of eulogy when the marvellously clever view of a renowned picture *salon* at Florence was brought to this country, An astounding piece of work with a vast deal of merit was Walpole's verdict.

But that Zoffany excelled in the portrayal of theatrical scenes can admit of no question. The pictures which have found an appropriate home in the Garrick Club—several are reproduced in this lavishly illustrated volume—prove it beyond controversy. One of the best has already been mentioned. A scene from Isaac Bickerstaff's "Love in a Village"—a play founded, it was said, upon rural unacquaintance with the depravity of a metropolis—is another example. Lord Ogleby's ardent protestations to Fanny Stirling in "The Clandestine Marriage," Thomas King as the enamoured lord and Mrs. Baddeley as the young lady, is perhaps, Dr. Williamson thinks, the *chef d'œuvre* of all Zoffany's theatrical pictures. There is also a small full length, belonging to the Hon. Evan Charteris, of King as Lord Ogleby, standing alone and vowing, one may suppose, that he will not be left among your Heidelburgs and Devilburgs. The portrait of Miss Farren as Hermione in "The Winter's Tale" was given to an ancestor of its present owner, Sir Douglas Seton Steuart, to console the gentleman for his failure to win the hand of the future Countess of Derby.

Notable canvasses were painted by Zoffany during a visit to the continent, where he stayed from 1772 to 1779. He went to Florence with a commission from George III. for a picture of the Tribuna in the Uffizi Gallery, a famed sanctuary of what Byron called triumphal art. It was better, Horace Walpole remarked, than going to draw naked savages and be scalped with that wild man, Banks; an allusion, of course, to the proposal that Sir Joseph Banks and Zoffany should accompany Captain Cook on his voyage round the world. The picture painted by command is now among the gems of the collection at Windsor Castle. It is the finest example in existence, Dr. Williamson considers, of the artist's special facility; and a photogravure plate goes far to prove that this appreciation is no more than just. Three walls of the *salon* are shown hung with masterpieces, which include Raphael's Madonna del Cardinello and his Madonna della Sedia, the latter brought from the Palazzo Pitti in order that Zoffany might introduce it into his picture; Andrea del Sarto's Madonna with SS. John and Francis; Corregio's Madonna praying over her sleeping infant; and more than a score of other masterpieces. The Venus de Medici on her pedestal is being admired by two of the distinguished connoisseurs who throng the room; while Sir Horace Mann, Walpole's friend, and the Earl of Winchelsea are gazing at Titian's Venus, removed from the wall for their closer inspection. Earl Cowper is one of the little group examining the Madonna by Raphael now at Pangshanger. Zoffany had bought this picture and, doubtless as an advertisement, had adroitly found a place for it in his composition.

Another episode in Zoffany's artistic career was a journey to the East. To anyone who may wish to learn more about the manners and customs of the English in India during the latter part of the eighteenth century, his Oriental pictures, and what we are told about them in his biography, will be a revelation. He landed in Calcutta a year or two before Warren Hastings came home to face the music played *con furore* by Burke and his friends. One canvas exhibits the first Governor-General and his beautiful wife standing under a tree at Garden-Reach, with an *ayah* holding the lady's hat; a delightful group, Dr. Williamson says. In another we have Sir Elijah Impey, Chief Justice, and his family. Indian musicians are strumming a tune in the background, and one of the children pretends to be a nautch girl. The amiable gentleman smiling at his little boy's antics would scarcely be recognised as the wicked judge who, Macaulay averred, had put a man unjustly to death to serve a political purpose; still less as the irate old ruffian who, in a caricature by Isaac Cruikshank, administers corporal punishment to a governess. But of the pictures which were the richest fruit of Zoffany's sojourn in India that of Colonel Mordaunt's cock match at Lucknow is most widely known, through Earlom's mezzotint of an oil painting in the Marquis of Tweeddale's possession. This, however, is not the earliest and finest version yet discovered, of which, by permission of Mr. Richard Strachey, its owner, a striking reproduction is given, together with much curious information about the people who are watching the cock fight. Not painted in India but illustrating an event with which John Company was concerned, is a portrait group belonging to the late Sir Hubert Parry. It shows Admiral Cornish, his flag captain the brave Kempenfelt of Cowper's poem, and Thomas Parry, Sir Hubert's ancestor, in the cabin of H.M.S. *Norfolk*. The picture was begun before the Admiral started on the expedition to Manila, but finished some time after the capture of the island. Of Sir William Draper, who commanded the land forces, one may read in the "Letters of Junius," though there is one story about him which will not be found there. When the squadron reached Manila the Spanish Governor, hoping to get time to remove valuable property from the place, addressed a verbose letter in Latin to Draper. The General fell into the trap, and was such a long while polishing his reply, also in Latin, that the ruse proved successful. Cartloads of what should have been the spoils of war were carried away. Cornish was furious and vowed that, if any son of his ever tried to learn Latin, he would flog the skin off the boy's back.

STEPHEN WHEELER.

* "John Zoffany, R.A.: His Life and Works—1735–1810." By Lady Victoria Manners and Dr. G. C. Williamson. £7 7s. net. (John Lane.)

ENGLISH AND NORWEGIAN.*

Comparisons being odious, none shall be made odiously between the two novels to be reviewed here, which are coupled because they deal with one problem—the disposal of ill-gotten riches. They deal with more than that, and for this reason, among others, they claim to be separately judged.

* "Miser's Money." By Eden Phillpotts. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"Our Kingdom." By Johan Bojer. Translated by Jessie Muir. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The story told by Johan Bojer in "Our Kingdom" deals very nakedly with modern philosophies, in a setting of Norwegian life. Erik Evje is the son of a rapacious father, and, after going through his college education and those philosophies in Kristiania, he comes home to attempt some reparation of his father's wrongdoing. He attempts it, however, not from an impulse of justice, but because he has himself been guilty of a seduction and other weaknesses, and needs to compound with his conscience. That need, and not the ethics of possession by inheritance, is the author's subject. He is concerned to point a rather uncommon moral, namely, that when men try to do good in order to satisfy a sense of their own shortcomings, they should be very careful not to be selfish about it. Erik gives land to half a dozen of his tenants, and they build farms on it; then hears that it is a quagmire sure to be swept away by floods one day, and has not the courage to insist on its abandonment. They are sacrificed so that he may keep his ideal. Rein, a government engineer, who warns him, and who has no ideal but that of scientific truth, is powerless to do more, but states the moral. "He remembered a friend who lost his wife in a fire, and in despair he became a missioner, and finally travelled along the high-roads followed by a singing, weeping crowd. It was a comfort to him to communicate his funereal state of mind to old and young; and when he succeeded in converting the happiness of a newly-married pair into the same despair that he felt, he raised his eyes to heaven and felt that he had entered into an alliance with God."

Bojer's own journey through the quagmire lands of current economics and philosophy seems to have left him indifferent to most things but individual love and courage. He says in this book, at all events, "Love truly, and, above all, have the courage of your good instincts. That is enough." There is the Norwegian direct simplicity in his story-telling, and in the style and quality, well preserved by the translator; and one is curious to know how he stands in his own land, where there is the sharpest contrast between town and country, and old ideas are being as much disturbed as elsewhere. He would appear to be engaged in establishing a few foundations.

Mr. Phillpotts is as thoroughly English as Mr. Bojer is Norwegian; in "Miser's Money" he works out his moral ideas with an immense complexity of practical detail, guided by the English sense of humour. He resembles that colleague only in being an individualist, and in seeing that, "when somebody's doing what they believe to be their duty, you generally find somebody else is smarting and suffering." This being the case, the moral problem in regard to money is always to find the fair compromise between "straightness" and "sanity." Barry Mortimer, working for a miserly uncle who leaves him everything on conditions, is shown freeing himself from these conditions with the help of an idealist wife, and yet preserving a businesslike sense of duty. The story is set in Mr. Phillpotts's own country, and is rich, as usual, in native character. There is less to smile at than he has often given us, but as much to think about as ever. Nobody excels him in the art of making plain people discuss the big problems of life naturally, or in making us perfectly acquainted with such people; and, on the whole, "Miser's Money" is one of the happiest novels he has written. For Barry, upon finding the fair compromise in question, becomes a benefactor exempt from Mr. Bojer's censure, and contents us delightfully by accommodating the needs of all his immediate kinsfolk. How he does it, and how he first accommodates himself to his wife's ideals, makes a singularly entertaining story; the miser's legacy is like a series of sailor's knots tying up a man who has undertaken to do "the rope trick."

Thus it may be said that one book states a moral peril, and the other shows it avoided. If they are simple and complex respectively, that is the necessary difference between elementary and advanced teaching, as well as the difference between two civilisations.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

"I saw Lesty swing himself across."

From "The Dream Detective" (Jarrolds). Reviewed on page 92.

MRS. WARREN'S DAUGHTER.*

For his first novel, "The Gay Dombeys," Sir Harry went to Dickens as a source of some of his characters, and to Mr. Wells for his preface. This time he has written his preface himself, while for heroine and motive he has gone to G. B. S. It is as an advocate of social reforms that we make the acquaintance of Mrs. Warren's daughter here, and we must all admire Sir Harry's boldness in his choice of subject if we sometimes demur to his judgment. But his story is essentially a book of the period. Mrs. Warren in the play (it was G. K. C. who said it) is as old as the Old Testament, but no one can say that her daughter here is not as new and fresh as the last edition of a smart evening paper.

It is not Vivie's fault that after striving desperately amid the thicket of present-day conditions for four hundred pages she surrenders in spite of herself and her career and opinions to marriage and a happy ending. In the interval she tries most forms of rampant modernism, including scepticism, freedom of speech, militant feminism and sex antagonism, even to the inconsistent length of personating a dead cousin and the adoption of male attire. The worst collapse of her ambitions is the failure of her business partnership with a sympathetic chum, for Honoria gets married and the highly feminist lady-clerks succumb in succession. The office boy (a curious cuckoo in such a nest) proves the only consistent member of the group, for after growing up in a chronic adoration of Vivie, he goes to the war and loses his life for her sake. But the centre of interest in Brussels—and the occupation scenes are admirably done—is Mrs. Warren, who violates all Vivie's ethics and ideas and remains the unalterable factor in the book. She withstands protest with protest, morality with a worldly animalism, and it is the war that affords a solution as it has so often done—in novels. Sir Michael Rossiter, the savant, loses his wife in a London air raid, and a crisp epilogue sets all right.

* "Mrs. Warren's Daughter." By Sir Harry H. Johnston. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto.)

XUM

THE PRIME MINISTER.*

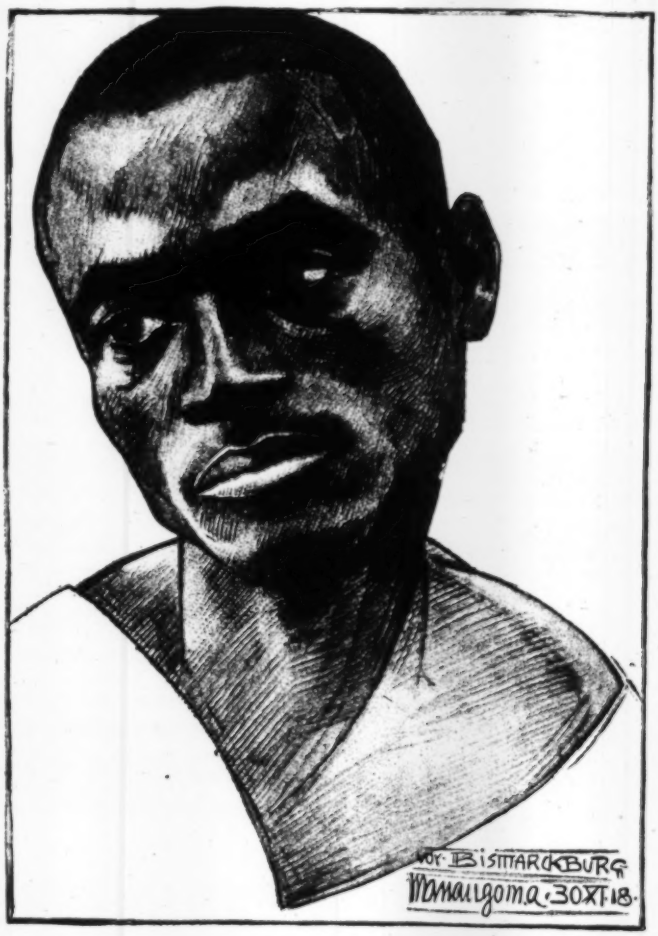
To talk of romance as if it were all a thing of the past becomes the idlest nonsense in face of such a story as this of "The Prime Minister." For here you have romance rising again out of the commonplaces and practical workings of nineteenth and twentieth century life and clothing itself in all its ancient glamour. No transformation that followed on a touch from any magic wand could be much greater than that of the small Welsh boy, hampered by poverty (relying for encouragement and opportunities of education on a beneficent uncle, a bootmaker-preacher, who served as substitute for a fairy godmother), into the greatest commoner in the kingdom; of the obscure little cottage in the Welsh mountains into the historic, world-famous house in Downing Street. It was impossible that such a story should be other than intensely interesting and Mr. Spender is peculiarly qualified to tell it, for he has enjoyed long and intimate acquaintance with his subject. He supplements a graphic narration of the changing, often stirring incidents of Mr. Lloyd George's career, from those humble beginnings, through the fiery upheavals and vicissitudes of his political life to his present-day triumphs and difficulties, with a shrewd, analytical character study—perhaps the cleverest, most illuminating study of this baffling, fascinating personality that has yet been written.

A THACKERAY COLLECTION.†

Fresh evidence of the extent to which American "collectors" have specialised in Thackeray is afforded by a privately printed volume in which are presented particulars of the Thackeray portraits, manuscripts and books included in the collection of Mr. Henry Sayre Van Duzer of New York. The late Mr. Pierpont Morgan was possessor of some fine Thackeray MSS.—he lent those of "Vanity Fair" and some other of the works to the Thackeray Centenary Exhibition at Charterhouse in 1911; the late Major Lambert of Philadelphia made perhaps the greatest collection of Thackerayana in America—distributed by auction in over 1,300 lots in 1914; and there are other collections that might be named. Mr. Van Duzer has for a quarter of a century had what he describes as the pleasant pastime of collecting Thackeray first editions, and in describing the contents of the resultant library has sought to make his volume, something more than a mere catalogue, a bibliography "of the First Editions and the First Publications of Thackeray's writings in book form and in the magazines, newspapers and periodicals of England and the United States." It is thus but a limited bibliography, and one the alphabetical arrangement of which does not seem the happiest, although the added chronological index is helpful. A reversal of the system would have appeared a better one, as showing at a glance not only the succession, the time-relation, of the author's writings, but also as emphasising the number of *trouvailles*, and separate printing of Thackeray bibelots from 1864 up to the present.

It is interesting to have it newly stressed that two or three of Thackeray's works appeared "pirated" in book form in America some years before the author gave them separate publication here. Notably "The Yellowplush Correspondence," Philadelphia, 1838 (London, 1841), and "Major Gahagan," 1839. Although these books were pirated, the piracy is interesting as showing early appreciation of the work of a writer who had yet to prove his greatness. It is, by the way, also of interest to note that all the zeal (and dollars) of assiduous collectors in America have so far failed to discover an existing copy of that early edition of "Major Gahagan," the only reference to which is in Thackeray's introduction to his "Comic Tales and Sketches" in 1841. Another fact to be gathered from this handsome volume is that Thackeray as early as 1839 appears to have been alive to the importance of "simultaneous publication" on both sides of the Atlantic, for his "Captain Rook and Mr. Pigeon" appeared in the part of *Heads of the People* for October, 1839, and in *The Corsair* of New York on September 28th of the same year. The bibliographers who have assumed that *The Corsair* had "lifted" it from the other publication appear to be demonstrably wrong.

Mr. Van Duzer gives also details of letters, portraits and other Thackeray items, including eleven albums of Thackerayana, in his library. His volume is illustrated by a number of facsimiles of MSS. and title pages and by several portraits, including one by Lord Leighton, about 1861, which does not seem a happy likeness, a reproduction of a coloured miniature dated 1857, and—by far the most characteristic—a daguerreotype taken during his visit to America in 1852–3. These illustrations will help to give the book a great value among all Thackerayans, though its bibliographical value is limited to that of "first appearances." It is, by the way, a pity that the existing list of Thackeray's contributions to *Punch* should have been used without checking, as it means that the misprint of "Brabazure" is given a new lease of life, and that the one or two omissions in Mr. Spielmann's invaluable work are not made good, e.g. but one item is credited to Thackeray in Vol. V. of *Punch*, yet his "spectacle" signed drawings appear on pp. 20, 184, 207 and 254. WALTER JERROLD.



Native Type.

From "My Reminiscences of East Africa," by General von Lettow-Vorbeck (Hurst & Blackett), reviewed in this Number.

* "The Prime Minister." By Harold Spender. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† "A Thackeray Library." First Editions and First Publications, Portraits, Water Colors, Etchings, Drawings and Manuscripts, Collected by Henry Sayre Van Duzer. (Privately printed: New York.)

MOMENTS OF GENIUS.*

"Things fall out unexpectedly, but they so fall out because they were inevitable" is the key-note of this book. Colonel Lynch hopes we may find in it "something of the stimulation which comes from contact with spirits that have dared and toiled"; and this is likely to happen, for informing it throughout is the bold and free spirit of its creator, a spirit now able to utter the mellow axiom that "the larger the view of all life, the more do we find the harmony that rounds at length from activities diverse and natures incomplete." "Moments of Genius" is a study of human types. The men—Colonel Lynch hardly writes of women, for as he says, "What man can understand the soul of a woman?"—the men are pictured at some poignant and important moment of their careers. The author has endeavoured to restate in these pictures the fact that the Now, the Present, includes both have been and to be. He takes the Now as the centre of his discourse and throws a single high light on these great figures of the past. We are given Milton in his blind old age; Keats on whom approaching death has inflicted "the inward smart that forces his thought to the quick vivid touch of truth"; Napoleon after the battle of Lodi; Henrik Abel leaving Paris for his home in the north and sustained by the thought, "My work will live; that which I have created will endure," though he knows "the shroud will soon encompass" the mortal part of him. So close a thinker as Colonel Lynch would naturally fit his title to his theme, and as a consequence, "Moments" is a correct description of these studies of the brave, outstanding dead.

A CIVIL SERVICE COMEDY.†

In his later books Mr. Frederick Watson seems to have broken with the passion for romance which inspired "Shallows" and the glamorous Jacobite stories with which he first made his reputation, and to have developed into a social satirist with a humour as quaint as it is mordant. He has settled down to shoot folly as it flies, and hits as much as he aims at with the nicest dexterity. In his last novel, "The Humphries Touch," he whipped the comedy up into broad farce; and he does the same (he has to) in "Pandora's Young Men" when he is faithfully representing the Government departments that have arisen and the public officials that have been let loose upon us in the days since the war ended and we are supposed to have been at peace.

On the whole, however, the presiding genius of the book is the spirit of high comedy, and it works as deftly, as shrewdly in character and in comment as in incident. Lady Pennington, Pandora's mother, "a stout woman with a mind like a permanent pageant," taking counsel with her brother-in-law, Richard Pennington, a reticent, equable, dignified Government official of the old school, confesses that Pandora has come home from doing war work so wrought upon by her experiences, that

> "When I am alone I feel I have given birth not to Pandora but to a national movement. . . . The war has not changed Pandora. It has only developed ten other Pandoras. The devils, you know, in the Bible. Pandora is devoted to me. She has given up all her recent work for me. She has made me lease this house, buy this horrible furniture, breed ducks. She found Blinkhorn in some out-of-the-way depot in France and managed to have him demobilised as a pivotal man. Blinkhorn *pivotal*. . . . Before the war I knew where I was. I wrote a little and—well, as I say, I knew where I was. But now! Pandora is struggling to get back to me, to shield me, and to do things. With Blinkhorn. But run after them I won't. I may be an ancient Druid, but I'll stick to my woad."

Half the comedy of the book arises from the inevitable clashing of the eager modern spirit that has emerged from the war with these ancient Druids who are bent on sticking to their woad. Blinkhorn is a glorious addition to our gallery of famous butlers. James Fullerton, overshadowed by the splendid reputation of his late grandfather, the Bishop, is an excellent specimen of his pleasant, easygoing, not very competent class, and no less excellent in a widely different way is the obstinate, very aged grandmamma who is never seen by the reader, but exercises such a cramping and depressing influence over the lives of James and his mother. There is humour and genial satire, too, in the fashioning of James's unstable, idealistic Uncle John who blossoms into the head of the new Ministry of Recreation, with James and Pandora for secretaries.

James is resolute only in his determination to marry Pandora. He follows her through her erratic courses, unconvinced by her rejections of him, and treating her various engagements as temporary aberrations, in which he is justified by the regularity with which she breaks them, and this pursuit of Pandora has for environment and scenery the important underworld of politics inhabited by the multitudinous ministers, secretaries, clerks, permanent and temporary officials who are concerned in working those Reconstruction Departments that are trying to make a good new world for us out of the ruins of the old one. The times call aloud for a satirist, and Mr. Watson has answered the call and given us in "Pandora's Young Men" the wittiest, most amusing story of the new era that has yet been written.

HOPE HODGSON'S POEMS.*

It is strange that such an essentially seafaring people as the English, who have produced so many great poets, have produced so few who have written great poetry of the sea, and that most even of those few have been landsmen. However beautifully the landsman may write about it, there is usually something lacking from his verse, for it needs a sailor who has known the sea long and intimately in all its moods to interpret it aright. There are finer things in Swinburne's and Tennyson's sea pictures than any you will find in Falconer's rather wooden "Shipwreck," but Falconer was a sailor, and his "Shipwreck" has survived for a century and a half because he had heard the voice of the storm when the black night and the tumultuous waves were all about him; he had been wrecked and had seen his comrades swept overboard and struggling till they were ruthlessly drawn down into the endless waste of waters; and he has put his personal experiences into his verse, what he actually saw and heard and thought and suffered, with a simple realism that makes it alive and vivid in spite of its crudities.

That realistic truthfulness is the outstanding quality in Hope Hodgson's poems. He died, a soldier, on the fields of France; and for some ten years before the war he had lived by his pen and won a considerable reputation as a novelist; but for eight years before that he had followed the sea and gave his heart to it, and its influence is over all the best of his work. Most of his novels and short stories drew their inspiration from it, but the eeriness, the mystery, the cruelty and terror of it appealed to him more potently than did its quieter, happier aspects. He was keenly susceptible to its wonder and its beauty, but for him the wonder and the beauty often had a suggestion of something sinister underlying them. It is so in his tales, and it is so in these poems. This consistency is the natural result of his sincerity, and it is the note of sincerity that gives his poems much of their forcefulness. His passion for the sea was no pose but a real and deep emotion, as spontaneous as the verse he wrote about it. There is a bizarre imaginative power in such a blend of fantasy and realism as "The Place of Storms"; his descriptive pieces, such as "Storm," "The Ship," "Down the Long Coasts," are etched effectively in vigorous black-and-white. He reached a higher level in his prose, but he was a true poet as he is a true novelist of the sea.

There is an excellent frontispiece portrait, and an Introduction in which Mr. St. John Adcock gives some personal recollections and a character sketch of the author.

* "Moments of Genius." By Arthur Lynch. 10s. 6d. net. (Philip Allan.)

† "Pandora's Young Men." By Frederick Watson. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

* "The Calling of the Sea." By W. Hope Hodgson. Introduction by A. St. John Adcock. 2s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

MEN, MANNERS AND MORALS.*

Mr. Bland, having produced no inconsiderable amount of excellent literary work on China, has, attracted by the most magnetic continent of to-day, plunged across the Pacific and devoted himself to the affairs of South America. It was time, he hints, for, with the exception of such notable authors as Cunninghame Graham and W. H. Hudson, he deplores the stodgy and commercial influence that the Latin continent appears to him to have exercised on those writers who have attempted to describe it. He maintains with no little reason that :

"Despite the crowded state of our bookshelves, there may be justification and room for a book that shall endeavour to speak of men and things in South America from the human, rather than the commercial, point of view. For the great host of travellers who shall hereafter make their way, either for business or edification, to the land of the Surplus Loaf, it is surely advisable that every ship's library should contain at least one book about these lands, that a man may read without being reminded of his investments."

In his quest, therefore, of the philosophy pure and simple of the Latin continent, Mr. Bland sets out upon his crusade with colours bravely flying. And in his venture he attains to no small measure of success. Indeed, had the literary level of his start been maintained throughout the volume, he would undoubtedly have had reason to congratulate himself on filling part of that vacuum—or rather gap—which perhaps is not quite so wide as he imagines, in view of the fact that he omits any mention of such authors as Bates, Hinchliff, and, above all, Mansfield, who have painted in such glowing colours the life and scenes of a land in which romance refuses absolutely to be excluded even from its commercial moments.

Mr. Bland is prolific in happy turns of speech, and, when in the epigrammatic mood, is entertaining to a degree. Thus his description of a Chaco police *Comisario* "in command of fourteen sword-bearing siesta experts" must charm a wide smile to the mouths of those acquainted with local conditions. This is only one of many similar little gems. But—there is no blinking the fact!—as the volume proceeds it tends to gain in weight and lose in sparkle. Can it be that the influence that the author so strongly deprecates has ended by affecting his own pen?

On the whole the author's judgments are unusually sound for one who has spent so short a time in the southern continent—he modestly abjures all claims to expert status—and if his misspellings of Spanish and Portuguese words be numerous, they may well be forgiven in the face of the undoubted merits of the volume. The hypercritical might cavil at the comprehensiveness of the book's title, which covers an apparently rapid trip through some of the chief towns of Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, a voyage up the river to Asuncion in Paraguay, and a most graphically described stay at an estancia in the Banda Oriental. But all these are minor matters, and do not mar the attractiveness of a well-written book.

W. H. KOEBEL.

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.†

"Lord Kitchener created the means of winning the war. . . . The pity is that the man to whom the Empire owes so much of the work and its results did not live to see the victory. Perhaps it would have come sooner if he had been with us to the end."

In these words Field-Marshal Earl Haig (in a preface to Sir George Arthur's "Life of Lord Kitchener") expresses the view of thousands of his fellow-countrymen. "He lived for his country," says the Marquis of Salisbury (in another foreword): "he saved his country: he died in her service. His countrymen will not forget."

What manner of man was it whose memory can call forth tributes such as these? For the first time the curtain has been lifted; the Kitchener of tradition, dour, severe, almost terrible, vanishes, and we find in his place a genial, modest and sensitive man, charming to his friends and magnanimous to his foes.

Sir George Arthur fears that this eagerly-awaited book should have been "entrusted to a biographer of experience." He may rest content. Those who remember "George Arthur" in the War Office felt no uneasiness when they learned that his was to be the pen to draw the portrait of the man to whom the Empire owes so much; they expected much, and they have not been disappointed. An enormous mass of what must have been somewhat chaotic information has been considered, classified and put into excellent prose. Throughout the three volumes there is no jarring note, no "I," no introduction of controversy as fruitless as it would be unworthy the biographer of a man who himself had "never learnt the art of controversy" (Salisbury). So fascinating are these volumes from the national point of view that one is tempted, in writing of them, to forget their main object. After all, the deeds of Kitchener the soldier, the economist, the statesman are not yet forgotten even in a time of great men—and short memories. But it is of Kitchener the man that we want to hear.

The son of Colonel Kitchener, Horatio Herbert Kitchener was born on June 24th, 1850, near Listowel, in Ireland, where his father had bought a small property. Neither "K." nor his three brothers went to school—there being no school, in fact, near. Colonel Kitchener had ideas before his time on education, and the lads' tutor was instructed to aim at fostering mental alertness rather than the knocking of set "lessons" into their skulls. Neither by the army coach to whom the budding soldier afterwards went, nor later on at Woolwich was K. considered clever or "promising." At the "Shop," indeed, they looked on him as "quite an ordinary youth," though with "plenty of common sense." He was never unpopular, but he made (indeed, throughout his life) few really intimate friends; but those he did admit to his friendship valued the privilege as few men's friendships are valued.

Curiously enough, K. received his baptism of fire as a volunteer in the French Army during the struggle with Prussia. He had been ill and, on leave from Woolwich, he spent the Christmas of 1870 at Dinan with his father, who had settled there some time after his wife's death—the first cloud on the lad's life. K., while ballooning with a French officer, contracted pneumonia, which nearly terminated his military career. On his return to England the Duke of Cambridge (then Commander-in-Chief) scolded him severely and officially for his soldiering, threatened to refuse him a commission, and then murmured, "I am bound to say that in your place I should have done the same thing!"

The impenitent ex-cadet (who contended that he was not at the time amenable to British discipline) received his commission in the Corps of Royal Engineers in April, 1871, but neither at Chatham or Aldershot did barrack life appeal much to him. While at Aldershot, K. threw himself heartily into the military religious movement. As the biographer says (in a later page): "His life was based on religion in the primary sense of the word—the binding himself up with God. . . . Christianity was to him not an attitude but an atmosphere."

In 1874 the young soldier filled, by permission, a vacancy in Lieut. Conder's party engaged on a survey for the Palestine Exploration Fund, and began to accumulate that extraordinarily minute knowledge of the East and its peoples which was to be of incalculable value to the Empire when in later years he was to have a hand in the administration of Egypt.

He visited Egypt during the crisis of 1882, and the following year found him (at Sir Evelyn Wood's request) second in command of the then one and only regiment of Egyptian cavalry. Garrison life, with its clubs, dances and amusements did not attract him. It was said of him that with the status of a subaltern he had the mind of a statesman. It was not very long before the Mahdi

* "Men, Manners, and Morals in South America." By J. O. P. Bland 12s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

† "Life of Lord Kitchener." By Sir George Arthur. £2 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

commenced those operations which were to bring about the tragedy of Gordon and the eventual stabilisation of British rule in Egypt, and here K.'s knowledge of the native not less than of the land was of priceless service. Gradually he was entrusted with more and more responsible duties, and in his negotiations with sheikhs was allowed to disburse considerable sums. Lord Cromer wrote of him that:

"He did not think that extravagance was the necessary handmaid of efficiency . . . whilst making adequate provision for all essential and necessary expenditure, suppressed with a firm hand any tendency towards waste and extravagance."

When, later, he became the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, it was this administrative capacity that enabled him to bring his force to a standard of efficiency it had never previously attained.

One is forced by lack of space to pass to the days when the burghers of South Africa employed their Mauser rifles so effectively against our arms. Here the soldier and the administrator gave place, after Lord Roberts's return to England, to the statesman. The story of his negotiations with the Boer leaders reveals a far-sightedness worthy of the man who realised that the war commenced in 1914 was to be an affair of years instead of months. One personal touch on this period: Ian Hamilton wrote of him that though he was

"Impassive as a rock in appearance, he was really a bundle of sensitive and highly-strung nerves kept under control 999 hours out of 1,000 by an iron will."

After the strain of South Africa, K. might justly have contemplated a period of rest, but another portion of the Empire claimed him. He had made no secret of his desire for the Indian command, and (now raised to the peerage) went joyfully out to undertake, perhaps, the biggest task he had yet essayed. For there were "wheels within wheels" that called for the most careful lubrication if they were to revolve smoothly. It is enough to say that once again clear, *un*-common sense triumphed over red tape; the position of English and native troops alike was improved and abuses and grievances were done away; the condition of India as a whole was benefited by a single man's wisdom. Again one personal touch, illustrating K.'s quiet humour: Realising (like all great commanders) the vital importance of good Staff work, he proposed to (and did subsequently) found a Staff College at Quetta for those officers who could not afford to come home for a couple of years to Camberley. One of the War Office objections was that it might create a separate school of thought. K. replied that "the Army has no military school of thought."

And the final picture? Can we yet visualise this great man who, by the magic of his name and fame called into being vast new armies, trained and equipped them and sent them into battle animated by the heroic spirit of his own great heart? Read the letters that passed between Earl Kitchener, Lord French, Sir Ian Hamilton—a dozen other of his commanders. Lord (then Sir John) French writes in October, 1914:

". . . I know perfectly well that I have your confidence, and that the same mutual understanding exists between us now as always."

And again:

"Thank God you are there, and I mean it."

Yet Sir John was later to lend his aid to an agitation against the man to whom he had written these words—an agitation killed by the love and faith of the country for a statesman of whom the Labour leaders said: "He is a straight man."

But Sir George Arthur indulges in no bitterness; let us follow his example. K. cared nothing for public opinion; he thought only of his duty—which to him meant the highest interests of his country and a tireless and understanding care for the millions of soldiers entrusted to his charge.

Of the last days there is little to be said:

"By an error of judgment an unswept channel was chosen for the passage of the cruiser [*Hampshire*]; and Kitchener—the secret of whose journey had been betrayed—was to fall into

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XUM

the machinations of England's enemies, and to die swiftly at their hands. . . . He . . . was seen standing on deck. . . . Nothing is known of what then happened. . . . One thing is certain—that the brave eyes, which had faced so many difficult and dangerous passages in life, looked steadily into the face of death. . . ."

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON (Captain).

SHAKESPEARE AND THE LILLIPUTIANS.*

The Baconians will have to look to their laurels, for Mr. Looney introduces another Richmond into the field, and sets out with rapturous enthusiasm and a good deal of perverted ingenuity to prove that the works of Shakespeare were written neither by him nor by Bacon, but by Shakespeare's aristocratic contemporary, the Elizabethan minor lyrist, Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford. That the Englishman dearly loves a lord is proverbial, and Mr. Looney confesses that before he discovered the real author he decided from internal evidence that the man who wrote the plays must, among other things, have been "a man with feudal connections; a member of the higher aristocracy." In the same way, if we knew nothing of Shelley we might decide that "The Masque of Anarchy" was written by a discontented, low-born rascal who was envious of his betters. The author of the plays must have been an aristocrat, Mr. Looney declares, because he writes of aristocrats as if he were intimate with them, and "it is rather his ordinary citizens that are automata walking woodenly on to the stage to speak for their class." Well, Launcelot Gobbo is not so bad; nor is Dogberry; nor are Bottom and his friends; nor are the companions of Falstaff; and there are others. But it is significant that in making out a preliminary list of the qualities he would expect to find in the real author of Shakespeare, Mr. Looney does not include a sense of humour.

What first led Mr. Looney to believe that Shakespeare did not do his own work was a close study of "The Merchant of Venice." He was convinced that the man who wrote that knew Venice. Well, "The Merchant of Venice" was founded on the Italian tale of "Il Pecorone," the writer of which was presumably an Italian and did know Venice. Most unimaginative men are unable to credit others with more imagination than they have themselves. But the person who wrote Shakespeare's plays was quite evidently an imaginative man, and he would easily and naturally realise places and people he read about and recreate them in his own work. Defoe never saw the island on which he placed Robinson Crusoe, but he realised it as vividly as if he had himself been shipwrecked there. The fatal error in all Mr. Looney's argument is that he makes no allowance whatever for genius. Just as he feels that the man who wrote the plays must have been a real aristocrat, so the Baconians think that, because he shows such knowledge of law, he must have been a lawyer. It is not the legal terms that are used in them, nor the acquaintance they may seem to show with the ways of aristocrats that makes these dramas great literature; they are great by reason of the philosophy of life, the large acquaintance with general humanity and, above all, the poetry that is in them, and these things are not taught in any school, nor to be gathered from other men's books.

Coming to the poetry, Mr. Looney quotes some very average verse by De Vere with references in it to hawks and hawking, and with comparisons of a woman's face with roses and lilies, and so forth, and, apparently unaware that all this sort of thing was part of the conventional stock-in-trade of the poets of the time, he discovers similar references and comparisons in the plays and seriously offers this as evidence. To be consistent, if he read various passages in Young, such as:

"Man wants but little nor that little long,"

and compared them with:

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

and other passages in Goldsmith, he must come to the conclusion that Goldsmith wrote the "Night Thoughts," or Young wrote all Goldsmith. It is true Young died nine years before the other, but De Vere died twelve before Shakespeare, and the plays that did not make their appearance till after his death are a stumbling-block which Mr. Looney's specious explanations will not carry him over.

To evade other difficulties Mr. Looney says Ben Jonson was in the secret, as the Baconians say he was in their secret, and quite falsely describes Ben's lines under the Shakespeare portrait as "facetious"; but carefully avoids that fine eulogy of Shakespeare in which Ben calls him a man who had small Latin and less Greek, and fixes his identity by hailing him as "Sweet Swan of Avon." Mr. Looney believes Shakespeare was a drunken boor, and yet ascribes his bad, unsteady signatures to ignorance. In one place he suggests that the Stratford man, whom, having no case, he insistently belittles and abuses, could neither read nor write, but fails to explain how, in that event, his brother actors and contemporary dramatists, some of whom envied and disliked him, never expressed surprise that such a man contrived to write so many dramas. Before he pursues his subject further, Mr. Looney might do well to look up those discoveries of Professor Wallace which nullify some of his statements; he might also do well to remember that Shakespeare's mother was a superior and intelligent woman, even if his father was a butcher, and he should prove to us, as a fundamental necessity of his own position, that Shakespeare was not educated at Stratford Grammar School. Incidentally, it might help him to understand some things if he considered the case of that son of a job master, Keats, who, with small Latin and less Greek, managed to give us "Hyperion" and "Lamia," not by visiting Greece and Italy, but merely by reading Froissart. I sometimes wonder whether Shakespeare foresaw the coming of such critics as the Baconians and Mr. Looney when he wrote:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

A. ST. J. A.

* "Shakespeare Identified." By J. Thomas Looney. 21s. net. (Cecil Palmer.)

THE PRESS IN WAR TIME.*

Said the late Sir Edward Cook, the author of this essay, to an American journalist who wished to interview him on the work of the Press Bureau:

"Do not give us any flowers: it would really be a terrible blow if you did. The enterprising newspaper or news-agency and an efficient censorship are natural enemies; and if the day should ever come when the newspapers, British or neutral, conspired to praise the Press Bureau, it would be a catastrophe for one or other of us; it would mean either that the journalists had lost their go, or that our Censors had been neglecting their duty."

In spite of this, there was one man whose praises of the Press Bureau fill us with some pride. In the aftermath of war and in the inevitable discussions of the sins of omission and commission during the period of hostilities, we turn with comfort to the utterances and writings of our former enemies. The Press Bureau, laughed at, kicked, abused—the butt of every newspaper man in England, is referred to by Count Bernstorff in a private letter in these terms:

"In its efficiency and imaginative powers the Press Bureau has never had its equal in the history of the world."

Propaganda—the mysterious activities which the British Government conducted under this name—were not known (nor were they intended to be known), with the inevitable result that it was consistently jeered at throughout its career until it fell into the hands of newspaper owners when criticism naturally diminished. Not until Ludendorff published his memoirs, where he extolled British propaganda to the skies (and ascribed all its success to the wrong man), did we ever admit that our work in this direction was anything but sadly misapplied energy. And

* "The Press in War Time." By Sir Edward Cook. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

XUM

probably as the years roll on, any young journalists who lived in contact with the Press Bureau and entertained their friends with half-told tales of its enormities and follies, will prattle in the autumn of their lives of the really efficient way in which things were done at the Press Bureau during the great war, and relate with pride the story of the cunning and skill of the Censor in holding back the news of the sinking of the *Audacious* for four solid years.

There is no doubt that the strain of conducting the Press Bureau killed Sir Edward Cook, and any one who spent any time during the war in that director's room in the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall, will recall the ceaseless tinkling of the telephone, the scurrying in and out of messengers all day long, the long-winded callers with lists of silly grievances as long as your arm, the conferences—all this in addition to a mountain of routine work. And all the time criticism, usually misinformed. "I used to smile and say nothing," says Sir Edward, somewhere. Such wisdom and patience is not given to all of us.

Historians of the war will be grateful that Sir Edward was spared to write this account of the Press Bureau. It certainly needed doing and no one, of course, could have done it so well as the late director. The author does not set out to prove that he was right and all his critics wrong, and that the Press Bureau was a model of its kind. As a very able journalist he knew that he was treading perhaps the most thorny path of all officials in the war in restraining the freedom of the Press. We were not always proud of our Press, but knowing the great human fight behind it, we were proud of its freedom.

I believe that Mr. Kennedy Jones in his new book on "The Press and Downing Street" gives it as his opinion that the influence of the Press is declining. It is a curious paradox that in the time of the great war when, with all its loopholes and voluntaryism, a very powerful governmental censorship obtained, the Press of the country seemed to wield a power greater than ever in its history—so great, indeed, as to be alarming.

It should be added that Mr. J. A. Spender's delicate and sympathetic obituary article on his old friend and colleague is reprinted from *The Westminster Gazette* at the end of the volume.

IVOR NICHOLSON.

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XUM

thing his art can make of the nursing of a sick horse—the subject of this story; and those who do not yet know that he is one of the greatest living masters of descriptive prose may be advised to give their best attention to the manner and way of the same pages. Here is literary art of the highest order. The stories may be crumbs; but they are from a rich man's table.

G. S.

A FOUR IN HAND.*

Of these books the worst shall be first and the others in order till we end on the high note of Mr. Douglas Goldring's passion and idealism.

Not that there is much to be said for the other three. They are workmanlike stories, carefully written and of their kind interesting. "The House in Queen Anne Square" is a story of mysterious happenings, related for the most part by lawyers—one result being that it is full of sidelights on Scottish judicial procedure. "A Man's Honour" takes us to Ceylon and gives us a carefully observed picture of that country—antedated; while "Roast Beef Medium" is a "cheerful by request" book from the States which sets your teeth on edge with sentences such as, "The Fresh Young Kid speared a piece of liver and looked sorrowfully up into the adoring eyes of the waitress who was hovering over him. 'Got any nice hot biscuits to-night, girlie?' he inquired."

In spite of such sentences, in spite of its frank sentimentality, "Roast Beef Medium" is a pleasant, homely book, a more human book than either "The House in Queen Anne Square" or "A Man's Honour." Of these the former makes no pretentions to psychology or any sort of art. The characters are pasteboard and tinsel, the person most alive being old Pittenweem, an amusing caricature of a judge. Nevertheless the plot, which deals with fraud, murder, dope-fiends, forgery and all the rest of it, is intricate and close-woven, while the writing is adequate to the subject.

Nor is "A Man's Honour" much of an improvement—in the matter of character drawing—on "The House in Queen Anne Square." It is, however, better written, much of the background being excellent, and if only the people had been as convincing as the pictures of the palace and temples at Kandy, Miss Methley would have given us a fine book. In Val, however, we have the impossible sort of heroine, who believes a silly, hysterical sister before her husband, and when she discovers her mistake, rushes out to Ceylon and insists on following him up country in the middle of a native war. To balance this lady we have for "the Commander-in-Chief of His Britannic Majesty's Forces in Ceylon" a man who allows her to be present at conferences between himself and his officers, and who, when he meets her on her way to Kandy, feebly excuses himself from ordering her to return with him, to Colombo and safety, by saying, "I'm too ill to have much will of my own, I'm afraid." On the other hand Charles Carland, the hero, though very slightly sketched, is almost a possible character, as also are some of his brother officers.

"Roast Beef Medium" is a less pretentious book than "A Man's Honour," being the story of a female commercial traveller. She is thirty-six. She has divorced her husband, is devoted to her son, and is a smart, competent person. "Emma McChesney's favourite occupation was selling T. A. Buck's Featherloom Petticoats, and her favourite pastime was studying men and women. The two things went well together."

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Of a different order from these three books is "The Black Curtain." Here is a novel to be taken seriously, and in giving it such consideration we are not being captious but, on the contrary, are paying it a compliment.

The cover of the book presents us with a picture of a man armed to the teeth fighting a naked, defenceless woman; and the problem presented by the writer is the relations of the new, the enfranchised woman, with man. Accepting love, the freed creature refuses marriage and, by so doing, refuses the satisfaction of her deepest urge. Restlessness is the natural result, and Anne Drummond leaves home to rush into the arena of public life. When, after a lapse of time, she meets her old lover, the fundamental urge induces her to accept the condition she has formerly disdained. She is now half politician, half woman, and being wholeheartedly neither falls a victim to outrageous chance. Her tragedy, which includes his, is the tragedy of the transition period. The State has not yet learnt that the value of woman lies in her productivity, a different productivity to that of man and of more fundamental importance. It sees valuable lives going to waste and waits . . . perhaps to have its affairs put in order by that new woman Mr. Douglas Goldring draws with such a sure hand.

Anne Drummond is a creation, a warm, simple, wholly enchanting woman, and as soon as she makes her appearance the interest of the book deepens. One is inclined to ask Mr. Goldring, in all sincerity, why he begins so slowly. "The Black Curtain" was the first of his books we had read, and for the first few chapters we thought it would be the last. It was as the Garden of Eden before Eve came. A good place enough, no doubt, but lacking the human interest. With Chapter VI. and Anne Drummond, however—nay, with the last paragraph of Chapter V.—came the realisation that Mr. Goldring knew "the proper study of mankind" to be woman, and that he was prepared to do his duty as a teller of stories and thrill us with a tale of passionate love.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

* "The House in Queen Anne Square." By W. D. Lyell. 7s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)—"A Man's Honour." By V. Methley. 7s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)—"Roast Beef Medium." By E. Ferber. 6s. net. (Methuen.)—"The Black Curtain." By Douglas Goldring. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE HOLY SHEKEL.*

It requires some elements of acquaintance with the literary history of Jewry in Spain and Southern France during the Middle Ages to realise the importance and interest of this publication, in which the "Shekel Hakodesh" is not only rendered into English for the first time, but for the first time also into any European language, while the Hebrew text is attached to the volume, and this has never been printed previously. Dr. Hermann Gollancz, who is the well-known Goldsmid Professor of Hebrew at University College, discusses in his introduction certain problems which belong to the critical understanding of the work, its sources and place in Jewish literature of the period, but on these it is impossible to touch. It is enough for our purpose that in its metrical form and under its distinctive title of "The Holy Shekel," the work is referable to Joseph Kimchi of Narbonne, who belongs to the period between A.D. 1105 and 1170, and is said by the historian Graetz to have introduced the Jewish culture of Spain into Southern France. It is a book of morals and of maxims, and there is a consensus of opinion as to "the great value of its contents." There are five copies extant, two of which are in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and it is from these that the text has been edited and the translation made. The "Yesod Hayirah" or "Foundation of Religious Fear," being the second work in the volume, is of unknown authorship and is reprinted here, with the Hebrew original, from the first English translation of 1915, also made by Dr. Gollancz. Perhaps only a son of Israel can appreciate in a plenary sense the manner and spirit of the apophthegms in both collections. On the part

* "Shekel Hakodesh," to which is added "Yesod Harirah." With an English Translation and Notes by Hermann Gollancz, M.A., D.Lit. 21s. net. (Oxford University Press.)

of a modern and Christian, the voice of inward dissent intervenes naturally at times—as, for example, at the estimate of womanhood—but those occasions are few. That which abides is, I think, the sense of being at a great distance away from the prevailing line of thought, and also of experience—much farther than one feels from the sayings of Solomon, from "Ecclesiasticus" or the "Book of Wisdom." But there are times also when one is drawn through the whole distance, for not far from our own at its best and truest is the heart of him who counsels: "When thine enemy cometh to make peace with thee, implore thou God on his behalf." Indeed the two collections, after this same manner, are an Imitation of God and His justice, of God, His mercy and loving kindness, though he who for such reason might compare them with that "Imitation" which is of Christ, would find—I know not what great contrasts. It remains to say that "The Holy Shekel" and the "Foundation of Religious Fear" are precious memorials of Israel in their place and time. Not only his co-religionists owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Gollancz for making them thus available, but those others—many or few—who, on one count and another, are attracted by the mediæval Jewish academies in Spain and Provence. We who are outside Israel know something of Iber Ha Gebirol, Maimonides, Nachmanides, Judah Halevi and other kindred masters of intellectual thought. We know something also—how little—of the old "Midrashim," and we remember that to a Spanish Jew of the thirteenth century we are indebted for the publication, and perhaps the final codification, of that great book of the Greater Exile which is called "Sepher Ha Zohar."

A. E. WAITE.

COLERIDGE AND WORDSWORTH.*

Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria or Biographical Sketches of My Literary Life and Opinions" first appeared in 1817. No further edition was published during the poet's life-time, and the second one was not issued until thirty years after the original issue. This is the first edited and annotated edition, and was begun by Coleridge's nephew and son-in-law (Henry Nelson Coleridge) and after the death of the latter was continued and completed by his widow, Sara Coleridge. A third based upon that of 1817 was printed in 1866 in Bohn's Standard Library, and has been issued frequently. In 1905 Mr. Arthur Symons edited for Messrs. Dent's Everyman's Library a reprint based on the text of the edition of 1847, but it did not contain any notes. In his introduction the editor described it truthfully as "the greatest book of criticism in English, and one of the most annoying books in any language." Two years later Mr. J. Shawcross edited the work for the Oxford University Press in a scholarly edition, the text of which is that of the first issue with all its typographical errors. It was, nevertheless, a valuable reprint on account of its lengthy introduction and annotations. Now comes the present work edited for the sister-university of Cambridge.

It differs from all the others in that only its most valuable portion is printed, namely, that in which Coleridge deals with Wordsworth's famous Preface and a criticism of his poems. It is based on the text of 1847, in which the unmistakable misprints are corrected. Coleridge himself in a letter to Thomas Poole shortly after the first appearance of the book "entreated his acceptance of a corrected copy of my 'Sibylline Leaves' and 'Literary Life' . . . so wildly have they been printed that a corrected copy is of some value to those to whom the works themselves are of any."

* "Coleridge: Biographia Literaria—Chapters I.—IV., XIV.—XXII.; Wordsworth: Prefaces and Essays on Poetry, 1800–1815." Edited by George Sampson, with an Introductory Essay by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. 10s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

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Mr. George Sampson's method of editing undoubtedly makes the work more interesting for it leaves out all the parts not directly concerned in Coleridge's criticism of the "Preface and Poems of Wordsworth." It not only gives it unity but makes of it a work of art differing from the "immethodical miscellany" that Coleridge offered to the reading public. The headings of the chapters that have been deleted are given in one of the appendices, as are also the omitted portions which, though when read in their proper place they interfere with the progress of the narration, are yet in themselves of considerable interest, biographical or other. For example, it would have balked us of much enjoyment to miss the amusing "*Spy-Nozy*" who, so Coleridge tells us, was sent from London by the Government as a spy on the movements and actions of both himself and Wordsworth. Doubt has been thrown on this incident but there is undoubted documentary evidence to prove its truth, as was shown by a writer in one of the monthlies a few years ago.

The famous Preface to Wordsworth's two volume edition of the "Lyrical Ballads" in 1800 is reproduced in its latest form, as well as the one to the edition of the poems in 1815 with the Essay, supplementary to that Preface.

The Introduction, beautifully and sympathetically written by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, adds a charm to this delightful edition of a work which will, in its present form, we hope increase the number of its admirers. Sir Arthur is of opinion, and probably rightly so, that what killed Coleridge as a poet was neither opium nor indolence but his entire absorption after his return from Germany in 1799 in abstruse metaphysical studies.

Mr. Sampson's notes are excellent and extremely helpful to an understanding of the text. Although intended only as an introduction to the complete work this edition may possibly entirely supersede the latter. It certainly ought to be, and probably will be, introduced into English literature classes as a standard textbook. In his note (p. 248) to Coleridge's remarks on Milton (p. 37) Mr. Sampson states that "Coleridge is probably referring to a passage in 'The Second Defence of the People of England.'" We venture to suggest as an alternative "An Apology against a Pamphlet entitled 'A Modest Confutation of the Animadversions upon the Remonstrants' Defence of Smectymnuus, 1642.'" Coleridge is defending Southey and his remarks are as follows:

> "To those who remember the state of our public schools and universities some twenty years past, it will appear no ordinary praise in any man to have passed from innocence into virtue, not only free from all vicious habits, but unstained by one act of intemperance, or the degradations akin to intemperance. That scheme of head, heart, and habitual demeanour, which in his *early manhood*, and *first* controversial writings [the italics are mine], Milton, claiming the privilege of self-defence, asserts of himself, and challenges his calumniators to disprove."

The "Apology" was written when Milton was in his thirty-third year, and is among the earliest of his controversial writings; "The Second Defence" many years later. Moreover, in the former work Milton defends himself against the charge of frequenting "The bordelloes," declaring in so many words that from his youth up his outward acts had been as clean as his thoughts were pure. The passage, which extends to several pages, ends:

> "Thus large I have purposely been, that if I have been justly taxed with this crime, it may come upon me, after all this my confession, with a tenfold shame: but if I have hitherto deserved no such opprobrious word or suspicion, I may hereby engage myself now openly to the faithful observation of what I have professed."

Almost all the quotations in the text the editor has traced to their source. One trifling citation appears to have escaped his scrutiny. On page 29 Coleridge refers to sundry petty periodicals "or weekly or diurnal." This probably is from Gay's pamphlet, "The Present State of Wit," 1711, in which he gives "the histories and characters of all our periodical papers, whether monthly, weekly or diurnal."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

RECENT VERSE.

W. B. Yeats said once of A. E. that he encouraged people to write poetry, or attempt it, because it was good for their souls: and doubtless A. E., who is nothing if not a spiritual teacher, is more concerned with souls than bodies. The desire of people to express themselves in verse is not on the wane; but as a reviewer I seem to see now that the great simplicity and sincerity of emotion caused by the war is over; that the quality of the verse is appreciably poorer. If every man and every woman has one poem locked up in their hearts, a great number of people must have given vent to their poem during the war. There is a large volume of distinguished poetry and verse being written and published at present, but there is also a certain amount of quite undistinguished verse, so that a reviewer who loves the noble pleasure of praising better than the casting of ridicule on the efforts of some good people after expression, may find himself or herself in a difficulty.

Of the bundle of books before me I pick out three as being worthy of consideration. The first is "Songs of the Dead,"[1] by Margaret Napier, which has, I suggest, a somewhat extravagant Introduction by Edward Garnett. It is an interesting book behind which one imagines a strange and lonely temperament. The free verse snatches are quite without artifice. They read to me like translations from the Chinese, or some other strange language and people. There is nothing that seems to me very profound in the imaginings of what the dead woman feels in the darkness. There have been so many beautiful and terrible things written about the grave from Chaucer's:

> "Now with his Love: now in the colde grave,
> Alone, withouten any compagnie"—

which has the very desolation of death in it, to the joyous imaginings of the Christian mystics to whom the grave was the robing chamber for heaven. This is, I think, the best of Miss Napier's poems, for it has more substance than the others:

> "To-day it was cold in the dark.
> From the willow rain dripped on my grave;
> It made me dream of that day
> In September when you came,
> And in the little blue room
> We talked of the rain drifting across the window
> In misty tears.
> At my feet lay open a book;
> You picked it up and laughed
> As you scanned the ponderous page.
> My mind was so frail
> I had to anchor it to the great thoughts
> Of the great dead—dead hundreds of years
> As I have been days.
> There was a silence,
> And as sunrise reflected I had watched
> That morning crimson my bedroom wall.
> My pale, tired mood lifted,
> Our eyes met,
> Love was born."

I do not find, as is claimed for this book, that "A dead woman speaks to us from the tomb."

"Puck's Garden"[2] has both melody and charm. The touch of glamour that I miss in the other volumes of this bundle is here. There is grace and lucidity and a delicate feeling for words and music in this pretty book. A couple of the lyrics might find their way into the anthologies. Indeed, "Tranquillity" is poetry not verse. One might have come upon it in Matthew Arnold's poems, with which it has a distinct affinity:

> "All in a quiet garden
> Her soul, a rose, doth rest,
> Where rains beat not, nor harden
> The snows upon her breast. . . .
>
> "There grasses grow and lilies,
> All flowers rich and rare;
> The fragrant air as still is
> As a nun's breath in prayer. . . .

[1] "Songs of the Dead." By Margaret Napier. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

[2] "Puck's Garden." By N. C. Raad. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

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"Harvest," this latest or last of a lengthy series of novels from the pen of Mrs. Humphry Ward, must not be taken as a fair example of her work. It bears plain evidence of a weary hand and a driven mind. It contains slips which this author could not have passed had the ultimate, inevitable, overwhelming influence not intervened and put the last full-stop to work which, with all its limitations, was invariably written with scrupulous care, a noble purpose and a sensitive literary conscience. Such slips, for instance, as those connected with the name of the married sister of the somewhat grotesque villain in "Harvest" would have been impossible to the author, say, of "Sir George Tressady." Early in the book the lady is Marianne Tilney, her maiden surname having been Delane. Later, when she makes her one unsympathetic entrance, the Tilney has become Winton; but the Marianne remains until p. 177 when it changes abruptly to Edith and Edie. This sort of carelessness—absolutely excusable through the fact that, while the book was being written and the proofs were passing through the press, the final darkness was gathering about the fearless mind and those ever-industrious energies—was not characteristic of Mrs. Ward, and so renders this novel the reverse of a fair example of her offerings to Fiction.

Indeed, the theme used in "Harvest" was not suited to her powers and personality. It needed more sombre colours and a greater variety than filled her palette, with a force, relentless, which she did not possess, and a largeness, a spaciousness of treatment beyond her compass. In the human essentials it is a theme in many ways parallel to that of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and calls for the forthright dark reality, the tragical irony and bitter humour, the relentless determination to inevitable climax, used with masterly power by Mr. Hardy. Mrs. Ward has made of it a bald and ordinary story, in which there are undue concessions to coincidence. It is rather amazing that so ingenious and scrupulous a writer should have stretched the long arm so crookedly and amazingly. But it is unnecessary to go the whole length of description or criticism, because the book is not representative of a lady whose work, abilities and social service have deserved the widest gratitude; but it is the reviewer's duty to try and tell the truth, and the truth is that in pretty well all respects this book is a disappointment. 'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true!

The occasion, however, cannot pass without some general tribute to Mrs. Ward's powers, position, influence, character and triumph in the world of letters. These aspects of fortune, separately and together, in her case have been outstanding. Since 1888, when "Robert Elsmere" set the dining-tables and even the pulpits a-roar and made its author a figure of artistic and intellectual prominence, the talk of society, the admired of statesmen, there has been a flowing stream of novels from her generous pen; good or indifferent have they been, but all assured of a widespread and thoughtful appreciation. Her powers of work, social and literary, were inordinate; and whatever the rapidity with which a book was written it had no slovenliness of expression, no sign of haste. Her themes, too, were generally worth the working out, and her sustained and intimate knowledge of political life, the cloistral atmosphere of the colleges, with the more cushioned of social and intellectual existences gave her ample scope for the portrayal of the wealthier aspects of Victorian circumstance and the close study of such characters as suited her particular atmosphere. Her view of the world was unquestionably limited; she saw little more than would appear to cultured eyes gazing through a study window; so that while she could represent with abounding interest the thoughts and environment of squires, dons, parliamentarians, Tory and Whig, in short, the rich and the consciously refined, who do their duties generally well in that state of life to which a considerate Providence hath called them, her pictures and judgment of the folk of other spheres were not presented with anything like the same convincing quality of insight and knowledge. This was not due to lack of sympathy or to want of effort; for no writer according to her or his lights was more earnestly painstaking. She endeavoured to find the truth, and wherever she missed or misread, it was due solely to her inability to get really free from the bounds of her environment. Often, to take an easy example, she put slang into the mouths of her creatures; but it was never the right slang, not the slang that just those people would have spoken—slang was not her language; and so with many things else. She lost much through her want of humour. In "Harvest" she makes an effort to provide the genial essence; the result is disastrous. For no reason but to provide the smiles which humour brings, and this humour does not bring, she afflicts a peasant-woman, Mrs. Halsey, with a chronic abscess—a comic abscess—on the neck. It had periodical swellings and subsidences; it was called "she," was wrapped lovingly in red flannel; the evening dressing of it was described as "putting her to bed"—and so on. This sort of laboured effort could only be distressing. Had Mrs. Ward possessed any of that faculty for humour which gave Mrs. Poyser to the world, how different would this bulky series of novels have proved! For, in the race of fiction which began with "Milly and Olly," forty years ago, unto this last, there was a fine seriousness, an ambition to do well on a high plane—indeed, an ambitiousness and seriousness that vitally needed the touch of sweet laughter, the humour that is an essential accompaniment to the noblest fount of tears, to justify the effort. It was personal limitation also, and no lack of effort or intention, that made her young men and her maidens generally bloodless, lay figures fulfilling the required movements by literary rule; yet were they limitations which, while causing shortcomings in this respect or in that, were also the means of bringing out her best work and the rich qualities of her mind. For it would be unjust as well as ungenerous to suggest that the disadvantages of her work outweighed the good. Judged by this present, leaving posterity to measure the dust or the appreciation that will be her due, we have reason enough to be grateful to the industry and high-mindedness of Mrs. Ward. "Robert Elsmere,"

[3] "Ulster Songs and Ballads." By Padraic Gregory. 2s. 6d. net. (Dublin: Talbot Press.)

[4] "Fragments." By A. E. Green. 4s. 6d. net. (Dublin: Talbot Press.)

[5] "Roundels and Rhymes." By Anita Moor. 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

* "Harvest." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

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XUM

" David Grieve," " Marcella " and " Sir George Tressady " were noble books which truly represented phases of Victorian circumstance, social, intellectual, spiritual. The later work, wherein she took actual life stories and adapted them for fiction purposes, such as " The Marriage of William Ashe," " Fenwick's Career," " Lady Rose s Daughter," were not so successful; but all—all—were written with an exaltation of aim and an artistic finish, that should be a model and rebuke to the novelists most trumpeted among the coteries to-day, who express their own vulgar emotions through slovenly prose and call it Art.

One other quality of Mrs. Ward's splendid endeavour must not be forgotten—her patriotism, disclosed not only in hard, earnest and invaluable service during the war, through which she expressed the facts and ideals of British sacrifice and duty as against the brutal materialism of Prussia; but also in her work for the children, by means of the play-schools and other kindred efforts, thereby helping to build a better, cleaner, healthier nation—and that is the noblest, truest patriotism. It was a loss to England, as well as to the multitudinous readers of her fiction, when Mrs. Ward died. C. E. LAWRENCE.

Novel Notes.

WHITEWASH. By Horace Annesley Vachell. 8s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

" Whitewash " is a study of village life, in which the new democracy clashes victoriously with the benevolent despotism of a conservative squirearchy. We have here the landed widow, who, with the best will in the world, cannot bring herself to regard either her land or her tenants in any other light but that of family possessions, to be administered purely from the point of view of the honour and interests of the landowner. Her village, with its picturesque thatch and glowing flower-beds, delights the eye; but its insanitary conditions and lack of drainage, together with the malign influence of an unscrupulous bailiff, combine to raise a storm which shatters the peace of the village. In the end, the cause of the villagers prevails, largely because it is assisted by the delightful daughter of the widow and by an enterprising and up-to-date young doctor who are bound together first of all in working for the true welfare of the pauperised people, and afterwards, as was inevitable, in more permanent bonds. The action of local politics and love is dramatically developed, and, indeed, one is left with the impression that Mr. Vachell has kept one mental eye on the pages, and the other on the boards. The book might have gained a little had this apparently dual purpose been less noticeable; although this feature itself detracts in a very minor degree from a well conceived and most ably rendered story.

SIDE ISSUES. By Jeffery E. Jeffery. 6s. net. (Leonard Parsons.)

These stories and sketches of the war and of demobilisation days are written by an officer of the old Army who is in keenest sympathy with the civilian many who volunteered for the New Army in the faith that they were taking up arms to fight a way into a new world where war should be no more. A deep sense of the obsolete barbarity of all militarism, with its petty insistences on discipline, its natural inclination to conquest and tyranny, and of the wiser, more modern ideal of common brotherhood run through all the stories; is implicit in " Angele, Goddess of Kindliness," a little drama of exquisite charm and pathos; and in the others finds expression both in action and dialogue. Sometimes this expression is edged with resentment and bitterness, as in " A Lost Soul," " Noblesse Oblige " and " Equality of Sacrifice "; always it is arresting and effective from the evident sincerity of feeling which underlies it. Well and graphically told, the stories are interesting for their own sakes, and doubly interesting for their vivid insight into the mind and spirit of those of the younger generation who have learned the truth of war and are not afraid to say in unmistakable terms what they think of it and of its prophets.

ADMIRAL TEACH. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is an arch-adept in the rollicking sea story. His hero here is a frank pirate, who adopts all the methods of the old buccaneers, with the added advantages at his beck and call of the latest improvements in the science of war. The great-great-grandson of the famous " Blackbeard " of buccaneer fame, he adopts his ancestor's methods. Incident in these pages sprouts as closely as ears in a cornfield. Neither Teach nor his lady love—the girl whom he has captured, and whose hatred little by little turns to a love which she refuses to admit even to herself—appear to be bothered in the least with ordinary germs of mortality which infest most of us. On several occasions Mary Arncliffe escapes from the pirate vessel in circumstances which would chill to the marrow any insurance company concerned. But there is always the kindly intervention of a derelict, or a tropical islet, or something of the kind, and—fortunately for the reader—Mary continues to the end. So does Teach, though in the last page but one we had thought him gone. A six-inch shell burst beneath the bridge on which he stood, and Mary saw " the burly white-shirted Teach whirling away into space." Mary, on board the Brazilian cruiser which had done this mischief, was in despair. But a few hours later a note written on a banana skin fell into her lap—a message of love from Teach. Which gives an indirect promise of some further adventures on the part of these two strenuous and interesting folk.

THE DREAM DETECTIVE. By Sax Rohmer. 7s. net. (Jarrolds.)

The " dream detective " is Moris Klaw, an old curio, etc., dealer in a broken down, waterlogged hovel in Wapping, who has strange psychic powers of collecting the ætheric impressions left behind in any place where crime has been committed or violent or dramatic action taken place. He and his very lovely daughter Iris solve many curious problems, nine of which are recounted in this book. The best of the tales is probably the story of the disappearance of a magnificent diamond from a room in which it was under the care of half a dozen men who had been warned that its theft was probable. That presents a mystery which baffles the reader and which he is as anxious to unravel as the baffled detectives and other folk of the story. The problems in the other stories are worked out with all the skill for which Mr. Rohmer has now established a reputation, and if they seem to be put together backwards rather than worked out from the puzzling situation as a starting point, that is the common failing which the modern highly expert detective story can hardly hope to escape. Of their kind they are very well done indeed.

YOUNG HEARTS. By J. E. Buckrose. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The author has long ago proved her capacity for writing simply and charmingly of modern country life and for presenting its underlying comedy. In this story she again " makes good," and her readers will be glad to make the acquaintance of Mr. Thompson who, on being unjustly excluded from the public life of Wressle, retired to the country village of Muckleby, where he resolved to devote his superabundant energies to the general amelioration of rural life. Mr. Thompson had the defects of his versatility and his omniscience, but he went on trying to do his best to brighten the lives of his amused neighbours. He revived the Christmas of the Olden Time, th: Harvest Home, and other venerable institutions, and he even brought down a conjurer from London and started a snail-farm. In the meantime his daughters, Maud and Helen, went their romantic ways, the former eloping with the young squire and the other marrying a pupil-farmer who proved to be a landowner. The ingredients are all simple enough, but Mrs. Buckrose has undeniably a cunning hand and can lend the charm of novelty and entertainment to the most familiar matter of to-day.

XUM

The Bookman's Table.

THE NEW GERMANY. By George Young. 8s. net. (Constable.)

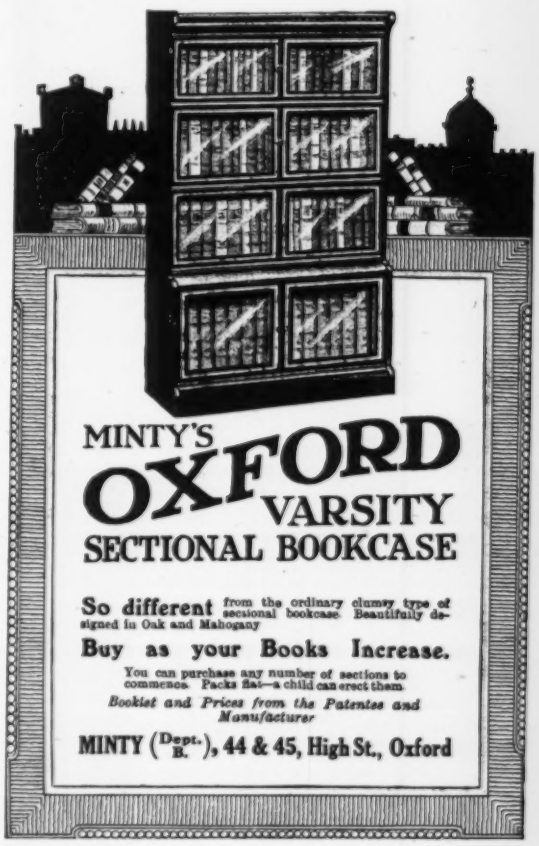
Perhaps no time could have been better chosen for the appearance of this interesting book than the present, when the fate of Germany hangs once again in the balance. Mr. George Young was an eye-witness of many of the striking scenes which marked the conflicts between the various bodies of the revolutionaries and the monarchist and junker attempts, under whatever party colours these were made. His sympathies with the revolutionaries are frankly expressed, and, indeed, he takes the view that the post-war policy of the Allies has had the effect of strengthening the sordid cause of the discredited monarchy. All this of course is controversial matter, and many of his theories will undoubtedly meet with opposition, but in any case his analysis of the various complicated situations is extremely able. One of Mr. Young's aims is to dispel the idea that the German nation is still obsessed by militarism. He sees Germany as a completely stricken country, drifting with the apathy of despair farther and farther from a normal condition of society and affairs, and he maintains that the safety of Europe can only be secured by a moral and material assistance of its people back into the path of security and reason—a feat which their shattered condition does not enable them to perform of their own initiative. Whatever may be thought of such matters, there is no doubt that the author's personal experiences and political views make up an unusually interesting volume, though it contains chapters such as that on "Ruin and Reconstruction" which appeal to specialists in political economy rather than to the public at large.

THE WHEEL: A DRAMATIC TRILOGY. By Laurence Housman. 5s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Mr. Laurence Housman takes for the theme of his new dramatic trilogy the well-known legend of Admetus and Alcestis. First we are shown Apollo's excursion into the underworld to rescue Admetus, according to the promise given him that he should have deliverance from death if his father, mother or wife would die for him. The sudden appearance of the God of Light into the grim halls of Hades is rendered with great vigour and force, and the song of the Shades, after Apollo has vanished, taking Admetus with him and leaving the darkness ten times darker than it was before, is full of spontaneous and natural pathos. The second Act or Play describes the sacrifice of Alcestis; her descent into the underworld in fulfilment of the pledge that one should die for her husband; and her subsequent rescue, wrought by Heracles. Lastly, we see her returned to earth. Her lord awaits her, and the nuptial feast that is to celebrate her restoration to life stands ready. But Alcestis, having found life bitter and death sweet, has lost all love save love for Death himself. No joy or animation can be awakened in her, and finally, beside the bridal bed, she falls, lifeless for ever, into her husband's arms. Thus revolves the Wheel of Fate. It is an old story; but Mr. Housman has, in his irregular rhymed verse, succeeded in investing it with new power and beauty. "The Wheel," it is true, does not touch the greatest heights and depths; and it does not afford the author so much scope for originality as the series of Franciscan plays which he is now contributing to the periodical press. But it sustains an admirable level of feeling, imagination and workmanship, and breathes throughout that spirit of dignity for which we naturally look in any new treatment of one of the great themes of ancient drama.

MY REMINISCENCES OF EAST AFRICA. By General von Lettow-Vorbeck. 24s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

However unwilling we may be, we are bound in the nature of things to depart in some respects from our former rigid aspect of the Germans as colonists. General von Lettow-Vorbeck's book must do a great deal to influence us in this way. In the first place there are no crimes against him to be recorded: on the contrary we have much evidence of his chivalry and kind treatment. His qualities as an administrator and colonial statesman are such as would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do credit to any member of the British Empire. His conduct of the guerrilla war which he was forced to wage, although not meriting the extravagant praise that has been lavished on it in some quarters, was very masterly. But it must be recollected that the guerrilla leader has always the advantage and he has in addition, as a rule, the sympathy of the spectator who allows his sporting instinct to get the better of his judgment. Not the least attractive part of this book is the series of drawings made by von Lettow-Vorbeck's adjutant, which deal with native types in a remarkable way. It is not certain to what extent the lay reader is interested in military history, so that we must look to the topographical and incidental features of the book for our real interest.

THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE BALKANS. By Leland Buxton. 4s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

The remarkable thing about this little book is the spirit of conciliation. Too many publicists in this country have identified themselves with one particular Balkan people to such an extent that they look at the neighbouring peoples with very Balkan, jaundiced eyes. We do not agree with all Mr. Buxton's proposals, whose object it is to bring together—as they surely will be brought together—the Serbs and the Bulgars. An autonomous Macedonia under foreign supervision would not only be a temporary arrangement, but would give rise to the usual tedious and ferocious intrigues. If the administrator be one or the other of the two countries, and if she carry it on in such a liberal fashion that the other country is disarmed thereby, that appears the better plan. Bulgarian priests and teachers have now, in large numbers, been confirmed in their offices by the Serbs; and it really seems that Serbia, with her new western orientation (if such a phrase is permissible), and fused with Croats and Slovenes, will succeed in attracting to herself the other Jugoslavs—the Bulgars. One must hope that more books will be written that are animated with Mr. Buxton's views and with those of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Aubrey Herbert, M.P., who contributes an interesting introduction.

A LORD MAYOR'S DIARY. By Sir William P. Treloar, Bart. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

Added to this volume is the diary kept by Lord Mayor Perry in 1739; doubtless an addendum of interest to antiquarians concerned with the earlier life and municipal ceremonies of the City; but of secondary importance to us, as compared with the record of his year of office kept by Lord Mayor Treloar. The book has certainly a curious appeal; a deep human interest as well; for besides detailing the functions and banquetings, the distributions of prizes, and the rest of the useful or pleasant privileges, glittering and circumstantial, practised by an active Lord Mayor, it shows the beginning of the wonderful work for crippled tuberculous children instituted by Sir William at Alton, and within the last months extended to a seaside branch at Hayling Island. Here is the man away from the robes of office; and a very true and gentle, lovable being he proves. It is a stimulating thought that the activity which will keep the name of Treloar alive, will not be any particular hospitality or ceremony at Guildhall or the Mansion House; even though it be the civic welcome to the Kings of Norway and Denmark, the reception of the Colonial Premiers, the opening of the Old Bailey by Edward the Seventh, or the memorable visit paid to Germany by this Lord Mayor and several representatives of the City Corporation—striking as these events doubtless were to those who took part in them; but the helpful practical love shown by Sir William Treloar and his wife to the little poor children who were born to suffering. With hampers at first, and then with healing—and wonderful powers of healing they have proved—he set out to do these little people good; and so has won for himself an abiding name and the acceptable love of many. This is a volume of delightful reading; because its author has many activities, a wide interest in affairs, a practical patriotism, a healthy unconventionality, and a very excellent sense of humour.

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